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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



[Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.]

LORD CHESHAM, WHO INTENDS TO LEAD THE BRITISH YEOMEN TO GLORY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

*Then a cheer, my lads, a cheer!  
For the British Volunteer;  
For his Queen he'll like a hero bear the brunt.*

*Ne'er shall wane our Empire's might,  
While we've sons like him to fight  
Side by side with British soldiers—at the front.—GEORGE R. SIMS.*



## THE CLUBMAN.

The Prince of Wales, with his usual graceful tact, has accepted the Colonelcy-in-Chief of the Imperial Yeomanry, and has also given a liberal subscription to the equipment fund. Men of all ranks in life are joining the corps, and never since the days of the Crusades will a force having so many gentlemen and noblemen in the ranks have left England. There is, indeed, a tendency among the country gentlemen to enlist in the force without thinking of their other duties, and without considering whether their presence at home would not be of greater use than their rifle in the ranks. We want men at home to organise as well as men to go abroad to fight, and some of the great landowners would do well to remember this.

Of course, the raising of the Yeomanry brought with it a crop of stories and jokes, some of the humour of which was unintentional. I met one of the gilded youth of my acquaintance in Piccadilly looking very pleased with himself, and he informed me that he had "done it," doing it being to put down his name as a trooper in the Imperial Yeomanry. "I'm just thinking what to take out," he went on. "I think I shall take my valet, my stud-groom, two hunters, and four polo-ponies."

From all quarters of the globe Lord Roberts summoned the members of his Indian Staff to serve under him again, and he will have round him at Cape Town the very best of the Staff Officers who were with him at Simla. General Sir W. G. Nicholson, who has left the very important post of Adjutant-General of the Army in India to be with his old leader, was "Bobs' Military Secretary for three years. He did more work than any other official, and yet always had spare time on his hands; for, after he had, in the morning, taken in his budget of papers to the Commander-in-Chief, he would go round the military offices chatting with anybody who had time to talk with him. Other hard-worked men wondered how and when Nicholson did his work. The secret came out at last. Colonel Nicholson, as he was then, used to get up in the very smallest hours of the morning, and would work steadily from three or four a.m. till breakfast-time, knowing that during those hours he was safe from noise or other disturbance.

General Pretymann, who is to be Commandant at headquarters, has a post for which he is very well suited, for he has the gift of making himself popular. When as an A.D.C. the smart young gunner came to Simla, after having ridden as one of the Staff through two Afghan campaigns, the ladies of the Indian Capua nicknamed him "Pretty Boy," and the title exactly described him at the time. After his A.D.C. days he served in several Staff appointments, never being very far away from the Indian headquarters, and commanded in Sirhind for a time.

Colonel Neville Chamberlain, who goes from Agra to take up the post of senior A.D.C., is an officer who can do many things, and can do them all well. Lord Roberts first placed him on his Staff in the days when "Snowdon" was the headquarters of Simla gaiety, when "Polly Carey," now commanding the 9th Brigade at the Modder River, was Military Secretary, when "Billy" Taylor, now Principal Medical Officer in India, was Staff-Surgeon, and Hobday, who wrote the most amusing burlesques that India has laughed at during this generation, was an A.D.C. Neville Chamberlain could write songs and sing them with the best, and he also had a wonderful capacity for work. He became Persian interpreter, and in due time was promoted to go to Cashmere to teach the Maharajahs of that lovely country that a native army is not a plaything, but is intended to be a fighting-machine. He and Sir Howard Melliss and the officers under them made the Imperial Service troops of Cashmere into a really efficient body of men. Colonel Neville Chamberlain did not lose any gaiety through official cares; he kept the Cashmere Hunt going, set the lady visitors to the Vale playing polo, and wrote little burlettas and acted in them. Now he, with Sir W. G. Nicholson, is hurrying from India to rejoin his old chief.

Major Hume, known through the length and breadth of India as "Charley" Hume, leaves the side of an Oriental Prince to take up his old position as A.D.C. He left Lord Roberts' Staff at Simla to go to the Staff College, and, having passed through the great school at Camberley, was selected as the military officer to be attached to the Crown Prince of Siam, who was to go through his education as an officer before going to Oxford. For two years Major Hume assisted the Prince in the acquirement of the foundations of military knowledge at Aldershot, and then resigned his position, asking for employment in South Africa. He was one of the first officers whose name Lord Roberts put down as a member of his present Staff. Lord Downe, a brilliant cavalry leader, and the other members of the Staff are all well known in the world of soldiers, but they have not had the same long connection with Lord Roberts that the Anglo-Indian officers of his Staff have.

The Maharajah of Patiala, the most sporting of the Indian Princes, whose acquaintance the British public has yet to make, has won the Viceroy's Cup at Calcutta with his horse Cherry. There is a great desire on the part of the Indian Rajahs to win this trophy, for it is presented in person by the Viceroy to the owner of the winning horse, and a hand-shake always is part of the proceedings. There is not a native Prince in India who is not willing to spend lakhs of rupees on horseflesh if he can only be sure that he will, sooner or later, be shaken by the hand by the Viceroy before all Anglo-Indian and native society assembled on the Calcutta Racecourse. The Maharajah of Patiala married an English lady, the daughter of his trainer, and was very anxious to bring her to England. The Indian Government would not at the time allow this, and the lady's death put an end to the project.

## THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

Despite the fact that but comparatively little news from the Seat of War has reached London during the past week, the splendid outburst of patriotism which the recent call for volunteers elicited has not slackened in the least. As a matter of fact, it is the reverse that has really been the case, and Lord Chesham has been besieged with applications from members of all classes of society to join the Imperial Yeomanry which he is about to take to the front. Indeed, so large has been the response to his invitation that, instead of the strength of the Force being confined to its original estimate of 3000, there is now every prospect of its shortly reaching a total of 10,000. Of this it is confidently expected that one-tenth will embark for South Africa on or before the 16th inst. Even our friends across the Channel are constrained to admit that this is not bad for "a nation of shopkeepers"—as they are humorously pleased to term us.

A considerable impetus to the movement has undoubtedly been occasioned by the fact that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has honoured Lord Chesham's corps by consenting to become its Colonel-in-Chief. Increased popularity to service in the new Force has also been contributed by the wise decision of the Committee of Organisation to relax the regulations which were at first imposed upon prospective members. Thus, it has now been ruled that eligible candidates will, in cases where it may be found necessary, be provided with their horses and equipment without charge. To the fund which has been opened for this purpose, the Prince of Wales has generously subscribed one hundred guineas, and the Stock Exchange has distinguished itself by the gift of a hundred horses.

With regard to the newly raised regiment with which the Metropolis is so actively associated—the City of London Imperial Volunteers—the latest news is that Colonel Sir Howard Vincent is to command the infantry portion of it. The appointment is an extremely popular one, for Sir Howard has long been to the fore as a Volunteer officer of exceptional qualifications. His own corps, too—the famous Queen's Westminsters—is to be well represented in "The Lord Mayor's Own," as the new regiment is familiarly known. Colonel W. H. Mackinnon, an Assistant-Adjutant-General at the War Office, and late of the Grenadier Guards, commands the Force as a whole.

On Monday last, at 11 a.m., its first five hundred members marched to the Guildhall, as civilians, and emerged therefrom as fully-fledged Soldiers of the Queen. The conversion was occasioned by their taking there, in the presence of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, the Oath of Allegiance. As soon as this ceremony had been completed, the regiment was officially enrolled as part and parcel of the Regular Army. In this state it will remain until either this time next year, or the conclusion of hostilities, as circumstance may determine. Some five hundred of the corps are to embark for the Cape on Saturday week.

In South Africa itself the tide of events has moved but slowly during the past week, for General Buller seems to be awaiting the arrival of further reinforcements before venturing to seriously engage the enemy. Irritating as this delay may be to us at home, there is no doubt but that Sir Redvers' caution will be speedily repaid a hundredfold. Hitherto, he has been considerably handicapped by his lack of cavalry and artillery. As a result, he has not been able to prepare for an infantry assault upon an intrenched position by subjecting it to a previous bombardment. Similarly, on those occasions when, with the limited resources at his command he succeeded in ousting the Boers from a position, his want of mounted men has prevented his following up his advantage. However, this bids fair to be rectified before long, for a stream of horses and guns (included among the latter being a complete siege-train) is being poured into the country by every transport. Consequently, the prospect with which the New Year opens is a decidedly bright one—for us.

Like General Buller, Lord Methuen is also hampered for want of cavalry, as he has only two complete regiments—the 9th and 12th Lancers—with him at the present moment. These, unfortunately, are not in the best condition, for that dread scourge, "horse-sickness," has recently made its appearance both on the western border and in Natal. In consequence of this, the difficulties with which the military authorities have to contend have been somewhat increased of late. This, however, affects the Boers as much as it does our troops. Indeed, of the two forces, that of the enemy will suffer most, as it is only the facility (given them by their possession of plenty of horses) with which they manage to avoid the business ends of our British bayonets that has hitherto enabled them to hold out so long. In the meantime, Methuen has no choice but to remain in his present strong position on the Modder River.

On Boxing Day, the garrison of Mafeking is reported to have made a sortie for the purpose of capturing the guns which the investing force had mounted at Eloffsplat and Boomfort. No precise details as to the result of the attempt are as yet to hand, but a heavy casualty list is said to have been sustained by Colonel Baden-Powell's gallant Irregulars. Among those reported wounded on this occasion are Lord Edward Cecil and Lord Charles Cavendish-Bentinck.

Communication has now been successfully established between Ladysmith and Frere, and every night signallers are employed in transmitting news from one Commanding Officer to the other. In both camps the most unstinted praise continues to be accorded to the men of the Naval Brigade, who are described as being "simply invaluable." Special stress, too, is laid upon their never-failing cheerfulness and their heroic endurance of hardship and danger.





COLONEL GOLDSMID, ADJUTANT-GENERAL TO GENERAL KELLY-KENNY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

*Photo by Byrne and Co., Richmond.*



LIEUT.-COLONEL ST. JOHN GORE, WHO SUCCEEDED COLONEL BADEN-POWELL IN COMMAND OF THE 5TH DRAGOON GUARDS.

*Photo by Robinson, Dublin.*



CAPTAIN A. H. HIRE, R.M.A., IN COMMAND OF THE PORTSMOUTH DRAFT OF MARINES FOR SOUTH AFRICA—A GALLANT FORCE RARELY PRAISED ACCORDING TO ITS MERITS.

*Photo by Russell and Sons, Southsea.*



SIR C. E. HOWARD VINCENT, K.C.M.G., M.P., COLONEL OF THE QUEEN'S WESTMINSTERS, TO COMMAND THE INFANTRY BATTALION OF THE CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS.

*Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



## SOME NOTABLE OFFICERS.

(Portraits on Preceding Page.)

Colonel A. G. W. Goldsmid, Assistant-Adjutant-General of the 6th Division, was born at Poona in 1846, his father, Mr. Henry E. Goldsmid, being in the "H.E.I.C.S.," and holding the appointment of Chief Secretary to the Government. After passing for Woolwich



SERGEANT-MAJOR GREENER.

*The Englishman who was recently taken prisoner near the Modder River, and who is alleged to have taught the Boers how to intrench. The above photograph was taken by C. Knight, of Aldershot, when Greener was storekeeper of the Military Balloon Department at that Camp, from which he has been missing some six years.*

and Sandhurst, Colonel Goldsmid went to the latter, where he passed second and obtained the Mathematical Prize; he was then gazetted to the 104th Regiment, of which he became Adjutant in India. On coming home, he was for some time employed in the Intelligence Department, and subsequently held the appointments of Brigade-Major at Belfast for five years, Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General for five years, and Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General for three years at Headquarters. He was then asked by Baron de Hirsch to conduct and organise the scheme for the colonisation of the Jews in Argentina, and obtained a year's leave from the Army on half-pay in order to effect this. It took him thirteen months to complete a work the difficulties of which would have seemed insurmountable to anyone with less pronounced powers of organisation.

A mass of people, who for countless generations had been employed in trade, and had been inhabitants of city and Ghetto, suddenly found themselves face to face with the problem of primitive agriculture, to the solution of which a large proportion of families were wholly unfitted, both by physique and temperament. These were sent back to Europe by Colonel Goldsmid, or disposed of in other ways, and there still remained about seven hundred families, and the administration of four colonies to be organised. The disbursement of the capital of two millions, in portions of half-a-million dollars at a time, was left entirely to Colonel Goldsmid's discretion, and this portion of his work alone implied an immense amount of responsibility and clear-headed powers of discrimination. Within a year after this, Colonel Goldsmid was promoted to his present rank, and was given the command of the 41st Regimental District, which he held from 1893 to 1897, in the April of which year he was appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Thames District at Chatham. In the October of this year he was transferred to Aldershot to replace the Deputy-Adjutant-General, who was leaving for the war. He has a beautiful wife and two charming daughters, one of whom is married to Mr. Louis Montagu, eldest son of Sir Samuel Montagu, M.P.

Lieut.-Colonel St. John Gore, who has succeeded to the command of the 5th Dragoon Guards, *vice* the gallant and successful defender of Mafeking, Colonel Baden-Powell, appointed to the Staff of the Army, joined the 5th Dragoon Guards in 1879, and served with the detachment of that regiment in the Egyptian Campaign of 1885, for which he has the medal and bronze star. He was in command of the cavalry at the battle of Eland's Laagte (two squadrons, 5th Dragoon Guards and 5th Lancers), and completed the defeat of the Boers by a vigorous, well-timed, and successful charge on their line of retreat after the storming of the position by the infantry.

Captain Ashton Hope Hire entered the Royal Marine Artillery on Sept. 1, 1881, and became a Captain on the same day eleven years later.

Hitherto he has seen no active service, for it is very seldom that the splendid force to which he belongs has an opportunity of thus distinguishing itself. When it does occur, however, the Marines have never been backward in making the most of it. The exceptional gallantry of the detachment of "soldiers and sailors, too," at the Battle of Belmont the other day is a case in point. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Lord Methuen's contingent of this Arm is to be reinforced.

Among the very few to whom recent events in South Africa must bring a sense of pride as well as sorrow is Sir Howard Vincent, for it is not too much to say that no man living has done more for our splendid Volunteer force. Four years ago Sir Howard uttered the pregnant words, "I believe there ought to be no difficulty whatever in mobilising a hundred thousand Volunteers—all single men—at short notice." The man who spoke these true and hopeful words has himself long been Colonel of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, a regiment so highly thought of that, although the standard of height was raised some time ago to 6 ft. 1 in.—that is, 8½ in. above the height required for the Infantry of the Line—it takes years to get into its ranks. Sir Howard Vincent knows everything about Continental armies that is worth knowing, and, had some happy chance sent him to the Transvaal during the last few years, there can be little doubt that he would have compelled the home authorities to realise the wonderful preparedness of the Boers.

Many people think of Sir Howard Vincent rather as a great police authority, and also, from a political point of view, as a strong Protectionist, than as anything else. Still, he began life in the Army, in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and later—that is, in 1877, when acting as Special Correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*—he wrote what was considered at the time the most brilliant and accurate account of the Russian Army. While Director of Criminal Investigations at Scotland Yard, not content with practically reorganising the important department entrusted to him, he made a thorough study of the Continental police systems, and among his valued possessions is the beautiful service of plate which was presented to him by the Russian Government as a slight return for his energy and skill in tracking down a gang of rouble-note forgers who had made their headquarters in this country.

## THE LATE DOROTHY DENE.

By the death of Dorothy Dene a notable and interesting personality is lost to us. Exceptionally gifted with literary, dramatic, and artistic powers, she was also possessed of quite remarkable beauty, a fact that caused the late Lord Leighton to select her as the model for some of his



MISS DOROTHY DENE.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

finest pictures. Thus we have her portrait preserved in "Greek Girls Playing at Ball," "Cymon and Iphigenia," and other notable works of art. Dorothy Dene's was a sweet nature, and she will be missed by a vast host of real friends.





FULL INSIDE.--By A. J. ELSLEY.

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## OFF TO THE SUNNY SOUTH.

## BORDIGHERA: WHERE THE QUEEN IS TO SPEND HER SPRING HOLIDAY.

Now that our beloved Queen is possibly to visit Bordighera, on the Italian Riviera, *Sketch* readers may like a few particulars from one who has lived some time in this pleasant and peaceful spot. Bordighera is a delightful place, more bracing than some other towns near, and, for this reason, not visited so much by actual invalids as by those desirous of *keeping well*.

Possibly, to those requiring excitement, bands, parades, fêtes, &c., it might prove too quiet. But what lovely walks and drives abound! Never shall I forget the first sight of it, on a genial sunny morn, as I arose in haste from my be-curtained couch to obey the summons of my companion. What a scene stretched beneath us! Immediately below, beyond the road, were groups of orange-trees, some bearing their golden balls, others still in blossom. Close by gleamed the amber fruit of the lemon, and amidst these rose palms tall and stately, and palms luxuriantly full.

Then the eye rested on the strange, shadowy grey-green of the olive-trees, or away over red-roofed houses on the wondrous blue of the Mediterranean. To the right stretched out the Esterelles, and over the whole scene glowed the warm sunshine, shedding magic colours on

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land and sea. We gazed and gazed entranced. No thought had we for the tiresome mosquitoes which had haunted our slumbers. Yes, I must confess these little plagues are to be met with even in this paradise; still, they are not numerous, and if the precaution is taken of insisting on beds being surrounded by efficient curtains, one may escape any attack from the minute vampires.

Monte Carlo can be easily reached by train, if one desires to see more life. Charming as its situation is, the beauties of Monte Carlo are soon exhausted, and its charm does not grow upon one so much as is the case with Bordighera. There is a delightful walk of about two miles to the Borghello Valley, where, a little later on, may be gathered flowers galore—violets, anemones, narcissi, daffodils, &c. If a longer walk is desired, one may proceed to Valleduono, on to Sasso, and back to one's quarters another way. It is just as well to bargain with one of the boys at Valleduono to lead the way up to Sasso.

Some six miles away from Bordighera lies Dolceacqua, a charming spot. The diligence can be taken for the first mile or so, and will cost about twenty-five centimes for each seat. At Dolceacqua is an old ruined castle of the Doria family. Nothing is left but the outer walls, no staircase even; one ascends by the ground itself, which rises higher and higher inside. The place must have been well-nigh impregnable, it being quite on the top of a high hill, from the summit of which the view is most extensive.

Among the many pretty walks must not be forgotten that to the village of Colla, where there is a small collection of paintings, left to his birthplace by a priest named Rimhaldi, who gave also a library of six thousand volumes. Colla lies just above Ospedaletti, and both places may be seen the same morning, provided there is a train starting early enough to the latter place. Ospedaletti has several hotels, and has a pleasant terrace facing the sea, where invalids can rest. The town lies in a sort of bay, and is probably more sheltered than Bordighera, but not half so interesting or so picturesque.

Quite in the opposite direction is Ventimiglia, on the borders of France. Here any luggage, even a hand-bag, taken through must be examined.

There is a story told of a traveller, with a cooked ham in his possession, having to sit down and consume a large portion of it before the officers could be convinced it was for the lunch of himself and friends, and not for sale. However, the traveller carried his point (as well as the ham) in triumph.

Standing on the bridge at Ventimiglia, a good view may be had of the snow-capped Maritime Alps rising in the distance, whose topmost peaks one has often watched before from the Capo and other points; and lovely are they to look upon towards sunset, when their pure whiteness blushes into delicate pink, then into rosy red.

Sunset is the time, however, when none but the robust should be out, and such is the case all over the Riviera. An icy chill is in the air, and one is glad to gather close a thick fur-lined cloak. For quite an hour before and after sunset is it wise to remain indoors.

From a shut south window can be seen much of the wondrous play of colour over the Esterelles—bright orange flaming into blazing red, or changing to golden-yellow, while, beneath, the sea reflects the brilliance above till twilight's dusky purple casts its shadows over the glowing hues. Then one begins to think of more prosaic matters, and descends perhaps to table d'hôte dinner.

Bordighera boasts a Free Library, where English, French, German, and Italian books may be borrowed. Numerous papers and magazines strew the tables. Gifts of these, as well as of books and money, are, of course, acceptable, as there are numerous expenses to be met. The building itself was a gift from an English resident. Several concerts are held here during the season, for which invitations are issued to the various visitors; additional entertainments are also got up for the benefit of different objects.

The Library has a pretty, well-kept garden of its own, where heliotrope and nettle-geranium flourish so luxuriantly that they appear more like trees. The elegant mimosa abounds, with its fragrant yellow blossom, as well as the graceful pepperino, with its dangling red berries. There is a good-sized English church, and an English medical-man is resident throughout the season. Hotels abound.

No one should be so imprudent as to engage a north room. Although apparently cheaper than a south one, it would not be so in reality, as a fire is a necessity in the former, and the only fuel supplied is wood, which is dear, and, moreover, soon flares away. It must be remembered that one gets intensely hot in the sun. A light yet warm wrap ought always to be carried—one that can easily be put on and off. The difference in temperature between sunshine and shade is very great.

To secure the most charming view of Bordighera, one must gain the heights, which shelter the town from the cold north winds. Standing here, the scent of violets filling the air, or the aroma from the numerous pine-trees, one gazes, through the olives, past palm-, orange-, and lemon-trees, beyond to the deep blue of the Mediterranean.

One only regrets that all friends cannot be with one enjoying the sight, or to wander amid fields of fragrant violets and gardens filled with odorous roses, and be, as oneself is, away from dreary fogs, out in the sunshine.

### END OF "A RUNAWAY GIRL'S" RUN.

Owing to the Gaiety Theatre being required for the rehearsals of the new play, the run of "A Runaway Girl" will terminate on Saturday evening, Jan. 13.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Queen was naturally very reluctant during the present war crisis to leave Windsor for Osborne, but Her Majesty's departure was very strongly urged by her medical advisers. The fact is that Windsor at this time of year, especially in damp weather, does not suit the Queen's constitution, the proximity of the river and the decaying and decayed foliage of the Park having a very pernicious effect on the malady from which Her Majesty suffers. The Solent was rough when the Queen crossed last Thursday.

The fine, dry air of Osborne, although it is often very cold, on the contrary is most agreeable to the Sovereign's temperament, and she always enjoys the best of health when in the Isle of Wight. It is, however, not always very pleasant for Ministers in inclement weather to cross Spithead to East Cowes. It is on record that one high functionary was heard to remark, on board the *Alberta* not so very long ago, that only Lords of the Admiralty should be compelled to cross the angry seas. Well, even Nelson had qualms every time he took up his command.

I learn with much pleasure that Her Majesty has ordered a copy of the late William Simpson's "Glasgow in the Forties," which Messrs. Morison have, with the sanction of the Corporation of the "Second City," who purchased the original water-colour drawings from the artist shortly before his death, just brought out. There is something peculiarly appropriate in Her Majesty's interesting herself at the present time in the purely civic and early work of the great War Artist.



PRINCE FRANCIS OF TECK, NOW GOING OUT TO SOUTH AFRICA.  
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

something of active service in the Soudan. As all the world knows, the 1st Royal Dragoons are a very picked regiment. Prince Francis became Staff Captain only last July, though he joined the regiment ten years previously. His Serene Highness's great speciality may be said to be cavalry remounts; he is attached to the Remount Establishment, and his knowledge of horseflesh astonishes even the sharpest of Irish horse-dealers. Like his elder and his younger brothers, he is very keen about his profession, and it is whispered, probably with truth, that he entreated his sister not to throw the slightest obstacle in the way of his being sent to "the front." It need hardly be said that Prince Francis, as is proved by his photograph, has inherited his share of both his parents' good looks.

*The Sketch* offers its hearty congratulations to gallant Major-General Sir Herbert Chermide, whose appointment to the command of the Fourteenth Brigade in the Seventh Division and whose marriage occurred almost simultaneously. His bride, Miss Geraldine Catherine Webb, is the second daughter of the late distinguished owner of Newstead Abbey. The wedding took place on the 27th ult. But, as has been so often the case during the past few weeks, the happy couple will have an exceptionally short honeymoon. General Chermide, who has long been known as one of the most distinguished officers, first became known to the general public by his imbroglia. As Commander of the British troops, it was his duty to take decisive action, but he already



Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.]

MISS GERALDINE WEBB (LADY CHERMSIDE).

(Married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, Dec. 27, on the eve of the bridegroom's departure for South Africa.)



[Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. C. CHERMSIDE, TO COMMAND THE 14TH BRIGADE.

Prince Francis of Teck is said by many people to be, from a military point of view, the cleverest of the Duchess of York's three popular brothers. He will be thirty next week, on Jan. 9, and has already seen

knew something of Eastern methods, for, early in his career, he was British Military Attaché with the Turkish troops in the Russo-Turkish War. He has lately been commanding at the Curragh.



I give a picture of the ambulance-train which brought the wounded men of the Naval Brigade from Gras Pan to Simon's Town. The train was fitted up at the Salt River Works, C.G. Railways, and is replete with every comfort. It left Orange River on Monday morning, Nov. 27,



THE AMBULANCE-TRAIN WHICH BROUGHT THE WOUNDED MEN OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE FROM GRAS PAN TO SIMON'S TOWN.

Photo by W. S. Gillard, Simon's Town.

and arrived at Simon's Town at 8.30 on the following Wednesday morning. There were several stoppages and shuntings, in order to allow troops to go on to "the front."

The other picture shows the wounded men of the Naval Brigade in No. 3 Ward of the Royal Naval Hospital, Simon's Town. All were wounded at Gras Pan. Their names are as under, reading from left to right: H. Peacock, R.M.L.I. (*Powerful*), wounded left arm, serious, and left hand; John Denty, R.M.L.I. (*Powerful*), shot through both legs; Alfred Coles, R.M.L.I. (*Doris*), shot through left side; C. H. Collinson, R.M.L.I. (*Doris*), left groin and right arm; C. Brace, R.M.L.I. (*Doris*), shot through left temple and back; T. Tilly, seaman (*Doris*), left hand and right wrist; William Moscombe, R.M.A. (*Monarch*), shot through right arm; H. F. Cotton, R.M.L.I. (*Monarch*), shot through left arm above elbow, left wrist, right forearm, and chin (four wounds).

Probably one of the busiest as well as one of the most popular men in the kingdom at the present moment is Lord Chesham, for, in addition to his arduous work in Pall Mall, as a member of the Committee which is organising the Imperial Yeomanry, he finds time to run down to Buckingham to personally superintend the preparations of the detachment of his own smart regiment of Royal Bucks Hussars, of which he is Lieutenant-Colonel and Honorary Colonel. Then, also, he is further engaged in providing mounts for the men. Lord Chesham is just forty-nine. When twenty he joined the Coldstream Guards, exchanging into the 10th Prince of Wales's Own Royal Hussars three years later, and subsequently into the "Scarlet Lancers," the 16th Queen's, from which



WOUNDED MEN OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE IN No. 3 WARD OF THE ROYAL NAVAL HOSPITAL, SIMON'S TOWN.

Photo by W. S. Gillard, Simon's Town.

he retired in 1879. He married the second daughter of the late Duke of Westminster two years before leaving the Army, and was afterwards, through his sister becoming the second Duchess of Westminster, in the peculiar position of being the Duke's brother-in-law as well as son-in-law,

so that by the Duke's death he is doubly bereaved. It is hardly necessary to say that his Lordship will have the supreme command of the Imperial Yeomanry, with the Earl of Lonsdale as his Adjutant-General. England may well feel proud of her old nobility when such men, putting aside personal feelings, come forward in the hour of need.

The employment of Volunteer and Yeomanry contingents in South Africa raises an interesting question. Hitherto, "honours" have been practically confined to Regular regiments, although several Militia regiments, including the 3rd Battalion of the East Kent ("The Buffs"), the 3rd Royal Lancaster, and the 4th Royal Fusiliers, having garrisoned Mediterranean stations during the Crimean War, bear the word "Mediterranean" as an "honour." Now, however, when the South African War comes to an end, those Volunteer and Yeomanry regiments supplying contingents which have actually been engaged will naturally wish to have an "honour" for the drums or colours, and it may be doubted whether it would not be well to allow both Militia and Volunteer regiments to bear the "honours" as well as the badges—already worn—of their affiliated regiments of the Regulars. This would seem to be the natural outcome of the Territorial system, and would serve to still further cement the bonds which already unite the several branches of the Army. In the case of the Yeomanry, however, as the Cavalry of the Regular Army do not at present come under the Territorial system, it would simply mean the granting of the right to bear the name of the present campaign.

Captain Alastair Brodie, second son of Lady Eleanor Brodie, of Brodie Castle, who fell at Magersfontein, had seen a good deal of active service though the years of his life totalled no more than twenty-nine. Educated at Winchester and Sandhurst, he was gazetted to the Seaforth Highlanders in 1890, and joined the 2nd Battalion in India. He took part in the Black Mountain Expedition, receiving the medal and clasp for his services, and in the Chitral Campaign in 1895 Captain Brodie distinguished himself. After his return home with his regiment he



BERKSHIRES GETTING OUT HORSE-FOOD AT MOLTENO STATION.

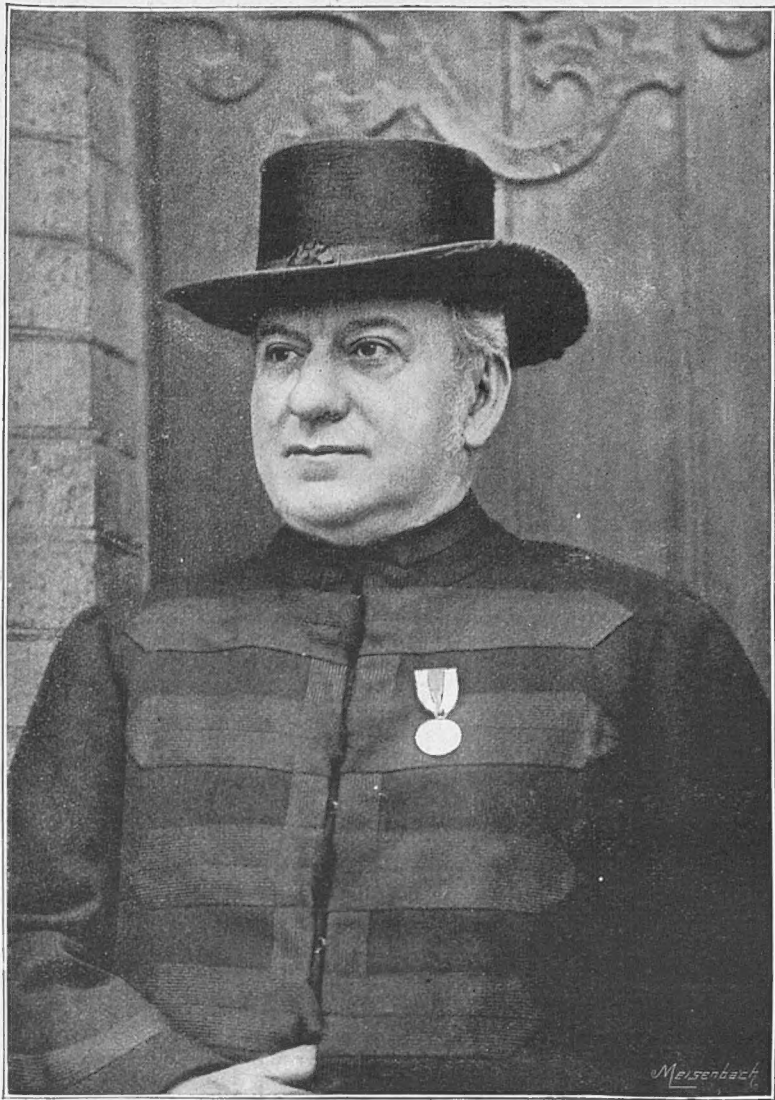
volunteered for service with the Niger Company, and in connection with their operations he played a conspicuous part. While home from the Niger on a holiday early last year, Captain Brodie was ordered to join his regiment; he was quickly promoted to a company, and shortly before the battalion left for South Africa he was appointed its Adjutant.

The suggestion that people should collect letters from the Seat of War is an excellent one, and bids fair to give the industrious amateur a variety of human documents whose interest will not diminish with old age. Every day brings forth its budget of news from "the front," and letters written by men on the spot must afford a record of events for which future historians will be very grateful. Your newspaper correspondent is a fine and fearless fellow; but, lacking the gifts of Sir Boyle Roche's bird, he cannot be in two places at one time. Careful collection and analysis of war-news dealing with a specific engagement from a dozen points of view would furnish the painstaking historian with the best possible record of events. Moreover, letters from "the front," if vivid and written modestly, do a great deal to stir the national pulse; and, after all, letter-collecting is a more intelligent pastime than stamp-collecting—its interest is more widespread. He who pays a couple of pounds for a soldier's letter written on a battlefield is more worthy of respect than the man who pays five pounds for a penny black English stamp with "V.R." in the top corners, or a similar sum for an early three-cornered Cape of Good Hope issue, or the old New South Wales stamp with the view of Sydney.

"UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST."—Officer's son (himself just left the Army for private reasons) will be glad to receive gifts of cigars, champagne, plum-puddings, five-pound notes, and gold watches for a charitable purpose (Officers' children's fund). Enormous mass of correspondence prevents formal accounts being published, but gifts will be *instantly distributed* with delicacy and packed free from observation. Not a penny goes to the overfed families of the rank-and-file. *Need is urgent.* Address, "Absent-Minded Beggar," (to be heard of for a week at) The Rookery, Whitechapel Mile End.



The name of the Rev. Arthur Robins will be most particularly identified with his interest in the spiritual and secular well-being of the Household Brigade, with whom he, soon after his appointment as their Chaplain, established for himself the reputation of being not only the "Soldiers' Friend," but the special "Apostle of the Guards"; while,



THE LATE REV. ARTHUR ROBINS, THE "SOLDIERS' BISHOP."

Photo by W. and A. H. Fry, Brighton.

perhaps, a still more affectionate appellation among them was that of "Bishop." From first to last he was a steadfast champion of the British soldier. He invariably insisted that "Tommy's" social standing and morale were quite equal to those of any other citizen, and it was most unfair that while the soldier was honoured in going to or returning from the wars, he was spitefully treated in times of peace. Windsor has lost a good friend in the Rev. A. Robins.

Much has been written of late about distinguished officers who are amateur actors. Another officer, who is not only an amateur himself, but the father of two well-known comedians, is Colonel Mills, C.B., who distinguished himself in one of the Soudanese wars. Mr. Horace Mills is a member of one of Mr. George Edwardes's companies, and his brother, Mr. Stratton Mills, is playing in Mr. Robert Arthur's pantomime, "Dick Whittington," at the Kennington Theatre.

Captain Cecil F. N. Macready, who has been promoted to the rank of Major on his appointment for service in South Africa, is a son of the actor. Captain Macready was in the Egyptian War of 1882, and has the war-medal and Tel-el-Kebir clasp and the Khedive's star. During the Nile Expedition he was on the Staff in Alexandria. Whilst the Gordons were stationed in India, Captain Macready played in Simla for a week or ten days, and elsewhere, with Mrs. Louise Jordan, the writer of that very interesting book, "When we were Strolling Players." In Ceylon, also, he played for a year in the Colombo Theatre with a company of amateurs. Macready strongly objected to getting up private theatricals for his children. "That," says Captain Macready, "is probably why I never thought of going on the stage." His father, he adds, would have considerably modified his hostile opinion of the theatre if he had lived till now.

The chief scout in Bethune's Horse, which is doing excellent service under Sir Redvers Buller in Natal, is Mr. Walter Gordon-Cumming, of Altyre, younger brother of Sir William Gordon-Cumming. A trained sportsman who knows the country in which he is serving equally as well as does the enemy, Mr. Walter Gordon-Cumming has inherited a love of adventure, and early in life it was his ambition to emulate the deeds of derring-do and the lion-hunting exploits of his uncle, Roualeyn Gordon-Cumming, the renowned South African hunter and explorer.

It passes my understanding why the strongest remonstrance should not be addressed to the Belgian Government for allowing Mr. Leyds to make Brussels the headquarters of the Boer propaganda in Europe. If Mr. Leyds confined himself to disseminating falsehoods about our soldiers in South Africa, no great harm would be done, but, inasmuch as he has openly started a recruiting office in the Belgian capital, he has clearly overstepped the bounds of international decency, and this with the connivance of a rickety monarchy which owes everything to Great Britain, even the free navigation of the Scheldt and the present prosperity of Antwerp. It is a lamentable fact that King Leopold II., though united by close relationship to our Royal Family, always seems to be thwarting British interests. On the other hand, at a slight hint from France the other day, King Leopold did not hesitate to ask his cousin, the Duc d'Orléans, to choose some plotting-ground other than Belgian territory. We, on the contrary, permit the French Pretender to dwell in our midst, though his cousin, Prince Henri, is one of our bitterest enemies, and the Orleanist journals never weary of abusing us.

The death of the world-famous Evangelist, Mr. D. L. Moody, in America will recall to many the extraordinary enthusiasm that his first crusade in this country evoked in 1873. I can well remember the overflowing "houses" which responded to the ministrations of "Moody and Sankey" in those days, and how the largest halls were filled to overflowing. Mr. Moody, as far as I can recollect, was by no means an orator, but he had an extraordinary gift of simple, convincing earnestness which could not fail to impress, and with that large section of the public who are peculiarly susceptible to religious fervour his influence was little less than marvellous. He was greatly assisted in his ministrations by his colleague and friend, Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the musical member of the firm. The words and music of some of the hymns had that particular quality that cannot fail to ensure a very wide acceptance.

London was full of these "revival" services at the time of which I write, and in the West-End the meetings were perhaps larger and more enthusiastic than elsewhere, though there were not wanting those who considered the whole business a remarkably well-advertised show, and regarded the more enthusiastic of the disciples of the two Americans as the victims of hysteria. The Evangelists remained here some two years, and left this country accompanied by the sincere regrets of thousands. Many were the anecdotes, more or less apocryphal, told of Mr. Moody.



MOODY AND SANKEY LEAVING ENGLAND AFTER THEIR FIRST CRUSADE.

Among them I remember one of a smart young insurance-agent who, thinking it would be a fine advertisement, asked Mr. Moody if he might insure his life. "Can you insure my soul?" was the Evangelist's answer; to which the smart young man flippantly replied, "No, sir; our company don't take fire risks."

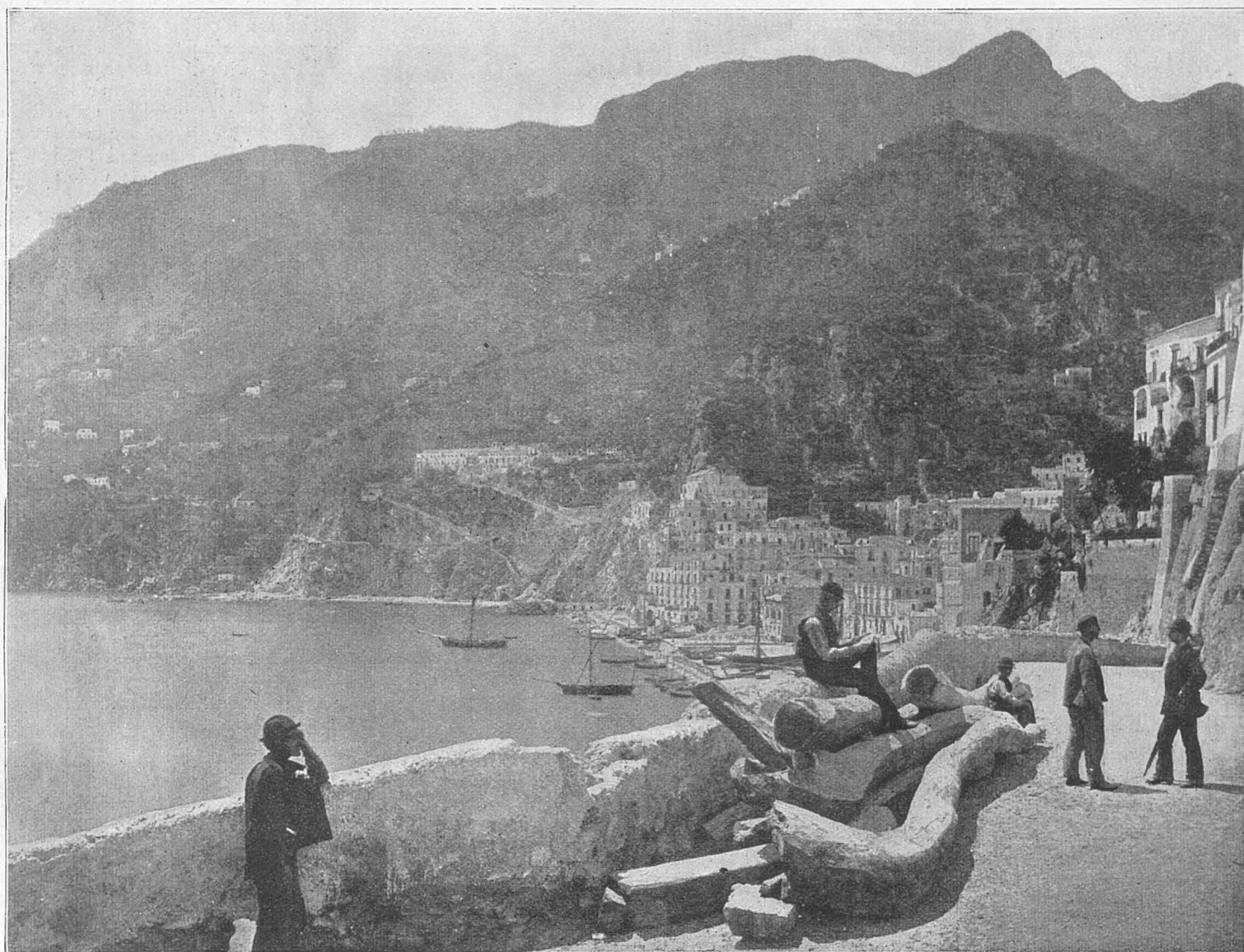


Once more disaster has fallen upon lovely Southern Italy, and, in a few moments of time, devastated and wrecked one of her oldest, most beautiful, and, at one time, most famous seaport towns. The history of Amalfi is one of gradual decadence. Founded originally under Constantine the Great, it was a most prosperous and important seafaring centre, with a population of fifty thousand; but, owing to oppression from stronger Powers, it did not advance with the times, and sank into the quiet little spot where, in the sixteenth century, a branch of the great Franciscan fraternity of monks, calling themselves "Capucini," built their convent on a rock nestled into the heart of the cliff overlooking the sea at a height of some five hundred feet. No one seeing the little fishing-town as the tourist of yesterday found it would have guessed that it was once governed by its own Doges and held as a legal centre throughout all Italy.

But there stands the Cathedral, monument of the Middle Ages, and there, till now, could be seen the remains of the old quay and harbour, almost totally destroyed—at any rate, rendered useless as a harbour—by storms in the fourteenth century. The people of the place, now

University of Paris a Christmas present of no small importance. He has deeded to the University the superb Observatory of Nice, with the lands around it, with all it contains of scientific apparatus, and in particular a precious astronomical library of six thousand volumes, with its two smaller dependent observatories, together with two and a-half million francs of money, to constitute a perpetual revenue for its expenses. The University is holding jubilee over this valuable addition to its resources. M. Bischoffsheim is of German extraction, and did not obtain full naturalisation till 1880, since which time he has been in the Chamber.

"These observatories are known to everybody who has been to the Riviera, one on Mount Mounier, and one crowning Mount Macaron, their white domes combining harmoniously with the olive groves and the blue sea; but perhaps few ever reflected that these windows open to the stars might symbolise the tragedy befallen a race. To-day the suggestion is involuntary. The owner built these observatories for his own pleasure, and nothing is less strange than that the French Anti-Semite campaign should drive its victims to turn their eyes instinctively towards the search for other universes.



AMALFI, THE SCENE OF THE DISASTROUS LANDSLIP ON DEC. 22, SHOWING THE CONVENT OF THE CAPUCINI.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RISCHGITZ.

numbering only about four or five thousand, are chiefly employed as fishermen, and some, with the women and children, work in the macaroni and paper factories. The old Convent, long disused as a sacred retreat, was the most ideal hotel, with its long refectory utilised as a dining-room for the delighted visitors, and each little cell, distempered with white, and with window-sills and Venetian-shutters of brightest emerald-green, representing a tiny bedroom, with myrtle in tenderest blossom, sweet pink roses, and heavily scented magnolia framing the view of bluest sky and sea, seen from each miniature window. The grounds and gardens, all beautifully planted, were the chief delight and care of the proprietor, Don Francesco Vozzi (one of the famous Vozzi brothers, so well known to the traveller in South Italy), who might often have been seen standing in the long, vine-covered walk where the good monks used to take their exercise, and where, in later days, the visitors and tourists delighted to take their fill of fresh sea-air and sunshine, with the shade of vine and the scent of flowers, secure in the assurance that all this work of man had stood the storms of centuries. Can it be possible that in one hour the Capucini Convent, with all its traditions, has become a thing of the past?

My Paris correspondent writes: "M. Raphael Bischoffsheim; the Israelite banker and member of the French Institute, has made to the

"The honours of the French Pantheon continue to go begging. When there was question last year of putting Pasteur there, his family refused, and when there was question of George Sand all the women writers in France rose up in dissent. To-day the Chamber proposes to transfer there the bones of Dumas, Renan, Lamartine, and Michelet, and already the protestations begin to pour in. Madame Michelet's brother refuses the honour for the great historian, and Lamartine's family protest with energy. It is a fact that this gigantic and splendid pile, meant to be a tomb for its great men by a grateful country, covers the bones of scarcely a baker's half-dozen. Even St. Geneviève, to whom the spot is sacred, seems to disdain it, for her bones have been transferred elsewhere, and no good Catholic will pretend that this departure from the Pantheon was an act not inspired by the saint herself.

"These refusals to accept a splendid tomb show simply that the sentiments of the heart are stronger than the love of fame, even with the famous. Lamartine lies in a spot chosen by himself, at his country home of Saint Point, and, as he himself instructed, under a mound planted with herbs of the field, with a white stone, on which is marked neither date nor name, where the "village joy-bells can ring at the door of his prison." To disturb him seems to his family a desecration, and a similar motive governs all these dissents.



"The Paris theatres and the French playwrights show a prodigious activity, and the Government inspection service is no sinecure. Four officials are required for Paris alone. These men read manuscripts of plays, pantomimes, and songs, submitted by directors of theatres and of café-concerts, and pronounce on their politics and their morality from the standpoint of the Government. They read every day the changing programmes of the café-concerts of Paris and of the suburbs. They go to all the final rehearsals, to judge of scenic effects, and they go to all the first-nights, to see that account has been taken of their observations and of the modifications they have demanded.

"In the current of 1898 these men examined and registered for Paris 883 dramatic pieces, a number which was surpassed in the first ten months of last year. They assisted at 538 dress-rehearsals and first-nights at thirty-seven theatres. They read and passed judgment on 8000 songs, which number is said to be an annual average; while as to the programmes of café-concerts inspected, they are countless, seeing that Paris has 761 authorised concert-halls, of which 120, to which must be added 76 in the suburbs, give daily representations. Nobody will dispute that these men earn their money.

"I hear that the London correspondent of the Paris *Matin* is the son of the famous M. de Blowitz, of the *Times*. He writes picturesquely, and appreciates English better than most of his Parisian confrères in London.

"Stanley Weyman's 'Under the Red Robe' has been running for some time past in a Parisian journal, and now Mr. Rider Haggard's novel, under the title of 'L'Enfant des Boers,' is to be given in daily instalments. The two English-speaking novelists who are happiest in the hands of the French translator are Edgar Allen Poe and Wilkie Collins. Rudyard Kipling comes out less Rudyard Kipling than it went in, Marion Crawford reads agreeably, and Walter Scott is fairly well treated. But, in spite of Homeric attempts, Dickens has baffled both translators and adapters. It is astonishing, though, how large a percentage of the works of English writers are included in the library of the average well-read Frenchman.

"The announcement that the French Government has decided to rent the late Dr. Thomas Evans's hôtel, in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, as the home for the Crowned Heads who will visit Paris during the Exhibition, is disappointing. When all is said and done, it is far from being the finest house in the Bois, and bears no comparison with the palace of the Comte Boni de Castellane. More than that, it is hard to imagine the Czar of All the Russias, for instance, sleeping in a mild sort of hen-loft, and that is what the best suite used to be in the doctor's time. I remember calling on Dr. Evans one night, and the conversation turned on birds. He had spent a fortune in their collection, and, after some expressions of bitter regret at the cruel way the frost had killed them off in the open air, he told me that failing, in spite of advertisements, to let the upper part of the hôtel, he had brought them all in, and let them fly about in the deserted rooms as they liked. By the way, those often-referred-to poems by the then Sir Henry Hawkins, were in Dr. Evans's possession, and when his reminiscences are published they will be included."

The Christmas House Dinner of the Whitefriars Club, to which ladies were invited, was a great success. Friar F. Carruthers Gould made a



DRAWING BY FRIAR F. CARRUTHERS GOULD ON THE PROGRAMME OF THE WHITEFRIARS CLUB CHRISTMAS DINNER.

most genial chairman, and the tables were charmingly decorated under the supervision of Friar W. G. Lacy. After dinner an Elizabethan entertainment was given by members of the Westminster Abbey Choir, under the direction of Friar A. H. Miles. The principal toast,

"The Spirit of Christmas," was given from the chair in appropriate terms. Friar Richard Whiteing made a felicitous response. The toast of "The Ladies" was proposed by Friar John Foster Fraser, a *Sketch* contributor and the youngest Benedict of the Club, coupled with the name of Miss Seward, who was present as the guest of Friar B. F. Stevens. Miss Seward (daughter of the American Secretary of State during the Civil War) received a very cordial welcome, as did M. Yves-Guyot, the editor of *Le Siècle*, who responded in eloquent terms to the toast of "The Visitors." The Whitefriars Club has now reached the limits of membership prescribed by the rules, and a number of gentlemen are "up" for election, I am glad to hear from the zealous hon. secretary, Mr. Arthur Spurgeon.

Miss Lilian Moreton is a young singer whose name will soon be very well known to patrons of the concert-hall throughout the world. A daughter of Captain the Hon. Reynolds Moreton, R.N., and niece of the Earl of Ducie, Miss Moreton has had every advantage in the way of training, whilst from her mother (an Irish lady) the young professional probably inherits that beauty to which her portrait, here reproduced, so faithfully testifies. During the last London Season, Miss Moreton had the privilege of singing before the Dukes of York, Cambridge, and Connaught, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Christian, and the Duchess of Albany. She is now meditating an American tour, but will return to London for the coming Season.



MISS LILIAN MORETON.

Photo by Helen McCaul and Elizabeth Dickson, Victoria Street, S.W.

Peccavi! I trust Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co., Limited, the famous firm of Aberdeen photographers, will forgive me for a regrettable inadvertence. The picturesque view of "Arum Lilies, or South African Weeds," reproduced in *The Sketch* of Dec. 20, was erroneously attributed to another firm. It was really one of the charming photographs of Messrs. G. W. Wilson, 2, St. Swithin Street, Aberdeen.

Among those to whom Christmas brought sadness instead of joy was the veteran wicket-keeper of the Surrey Eleven, for, on the afternoon of Christmas Day, Harry Wood stood by the death-bed of his wife, who passed away after a short but very painful illness. The funeral took place at Norwood on Friday, the 29th ult., and among the many floral tributes sent was a handsome one from his fellow-cricketers at the Oval. *The Sketch* sympathises deeply with the plucky little wicket-keeper in his sad bereavement.

King of caterers for rich and poor alike, a Lucullus at the Trocadero, and a Good Samaritan at Lyons' popular tea-shops, Mr. Joseph Lyons is a man of many parts and rare versatility. He is an admirable public speaker, something of an artist, and, as I now learn, a poet to boot. Far and away more touching than "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and calculated to prompt many sympathetic souls to contribute afresh to the many War Sufferers' Relief Funds, is the set of seasonable verses entitled by Mr. Lyons "A Tragedy of the War," and read with great interest in the *Evening News* the other night. Mr. Lyons has evidently a kind heart and a keen eye for dramatic effect.

The "Unicode," the cipher messages from which may not now be despatched to or from or in South Africa whilst the war lasts, is an invaluable little book for those who are in the habit of telegraphing much. By use of the "Unicode," a model of compactness and utility, many pounds sterling may be saved per annum. I am glad to know it is not taboo in any other parts of the Realm. On the contrary, much used by members of the Royal Family and other exalted personages, the "Unicode" is the most serviceable telegraph cipher volume extant. It is sold for a mere song by Cassell and Co., Ludgate Hill.

The latest rumour concerning Mr. John Morley, who celebrated the sixty-first anniversary of his birth the other day, that he is to be offered the editorship of a projected new Edinburgh daily, has no foundation in fact. Throughout the year we have now entered, Mr. Morley will be fully occupied with the biography of Mr. Gladstone. That elaborate work is now fairly under way.



## THE FIRST DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, HIS SUCCESSOR, AND HIS ANCESTORS.

Although the phrase has fallen somewhat into disuse, there can be no doubt that the late Duke of Westminster was a type of what our forbears used to style an "admirable Crichton." To one section of the community he stood for philanthropy; to another he was the ideal politician who would even break an old friendship rather than appear to condone what he thought unpatriotic; while to the man in the street he



THE NEW DUKE OF WESTMINSTER (VISCOUNT BELGRAVE),  
A.D.C. TO SIR ALFRED MILNER AT THE CAPE.

*Photo by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.*

was *par excellence* the one great peer connected with the Turf who kept up the best traditions of the Sport of Kings; and, apropos of this fact, even the French Press have gone out of their way to express their admiration of the fashion in which he always conducted his dealings with French and other foreign owners. There can be little doubt that the Duke's last great Turf triumph was really overshadowed by the tragic accident to Holcauste, the French horse who met with so miserable a fate when actually running against Flying Fox.

It was to Mr. Gladstone that the late Duke owed his Dukedom. He was for five years after he succeeded his father known as the Marquis of Westminster, and at the time he was given his Dukedom—that is, in 1874—he had already been married eighteen years to his beautiful first wife and cousin, Lady Constance Leveson-Gower, the second daughter of the then Duke of Sutherland, perhaps the most beautiful woman of her day, and the most intimate friend of her Sovereign. During the lifetime of the first Duchess of Westminster it was difficult to say whether Grosvenor House was more a political or a social centre. The story goes that on one occasion, when a temporary indisposition prevented Her Grace from receiving her guests in person, a distinguished man present said to a friend: "Here at last we see all the world." "Yes," replied the other; "all that is lacking being the presence of the best woman in the world."

The Duke's second marriage was surrounded by a charming atmosphere of romance. He was at the time he became a widower a man of fifty-six, the father of seven children, and, of course, several times a grandfather. Accordingly, society was electrified by the announcement of his engagement to one of the daughters of the then Lord Chesham, herself the sister-in-law of the Duke's second daughter. All sorts of stories were rife as to the fiancée's girlish enthusiasm for the distinguished man to whom she had given her heart. The marriage turned out extraordinarily well; little children came once more to brighten Eaton Hall and Grosvenor House, and the Duke and his second Duchess led what may be truly described as an ideal existence, the more so as the Duchess, who had been the friend from childhood of her step-children, proved the kindest and most affectionate of step-mothers. It was, no doubt, a heart-felt tribute to her late husband's memory when

the bereaved Duchess dropped white flowers on his coffin at the funeral in the gloomy last week of the Old Year.

The new Duke, hitherto known as Lord Belgrave, will celebrate his majority next March. He is the son of the late Earl Grosvenor, who was the Duke's eldest-born. Viscount Belgrave first saw the light on March 19, 1879. He was very popular at Eton, where, however, he always managed to conceal the fact that at home he was known as "Bend Or," for the Duke's first connection with the famous Derby winner began when his grandson was a baby. It is said that the new Duke will carry on all the great sporting traditions of his grandfather; and it is believed, perhaps erroneously, that, like the latter, he will, while keenly interested in racing, make a point of never betting on his own or other people's horses. Lord Grosvenor, the Duke of Westminster's eldest son, died very prematurely some sixteen years ago, and his widow afterwards married Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., the distinguished politician and writer. Accordingly, during the last thirteen years Lord Belgrave and his sisters have spent much of their time at Saighton Towers, a beautiful house near Chester; but, of course, the whole group of grandchildren were always more than welcome at Eaton Hall, and Lord Belgrave was especially under the influence of his distinguished grandfather.

Long before the family actually became ennobled, the Grosvenors were great people in the land, and the late Duke was fond of pointing out that his family name was derived from "Gros Veneur," or "great hunter." The first Grosvenor who accepted a baronetcy flourished in the seventeenth century, but a hundred years later the head of the family was created Baron Grosvenor, and not long before his death was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Belgrave and Earl Grosvenor, his son being created Marquis of Westminster by William IV.

The original Eaton Hall was built at enormous cost by the second Marquis, who had a perfect craze for this kind of expenditure. He would never follow the taste of any one architect, and, according to Chester tradition, one room in the old house cost him some £20,000 by the time all the alterations that he required to it had been made! Fortunately the Grosvenor fortune was well able to stand this kind of extravagance. The modern house, with the one exception of the hall, owed its existence to the late Duke of Westminster, who seems to have been very fond of dabbling in bricks and mortar. The work took thirteen years to accomplish, having been begun in 1867, and it is, of course, one of the most wonderful treasure-houses of the kingdom, though, curiously enough, the late Duke, his Duchess, and his children preferred very much to inhabit, when not entertaining Royalty or some notable guest, a simple and comparatively small suite of rooms. The series of portraits presented in *The Sketch* of the late Duke, his successor, and his ancestors in the Peerage cannot fail to interest the myriad readers of this paper.



ROBERT GROSVENOR, SECOND EARL GROSVENOR AND FIRST  
MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER.

*From an Old Print*



THE FIRST DUKE OF WESTMINSTER AND THE FIRST AND SECOND DUCHESSSES.



HUGH LUPUS GROSVENOR, FOURTH EARL GROSVENOR, THIRD MARQUIS AND FIRST AND LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

*Photo by J. and C. Watkins, late of Parliament Street, S.W.*



LADY CONSTANCE LEVESON-GOWER, FIRST WIFE OF THE LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

*From a Painting by Winterhalter in the Royal Collection.*



THE LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, K.G.

*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*



## SOME ANCESTORS OF THE FIRST DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.



HENRIETTA, WIFE OF RICHARD, FIRST EARL GROSVENOR.  
*From a Family Painting.*



RICHARD, FIRST EARL GROSVENOR.  
*From a Painting by Benjamin West.*



LADY ELIZABETH MARY LEVESON-GOWER, WIFE OF RICHARD, THIRD  
EARL GROSVENOR AND SECOND MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER.  
*After a Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence.*



RICHARD, THIRD EARL GROSVENOR AND SECOND MARQUIS OF  
WESTMINSTER.  
*From an Old Print*



Mrs. Van Duzer. Madame Van André. Mrs. Frewin. Mrs. A. Paget.



Countess of Essex. Mrs. H. Griffin. Mrs. Ronalds. Lady Randolph Churchill. Mrs. A. Blow. Mrs. Field.  
THE LONDON-AMERICAN LADIES WHO GENEROUSLY FORMED THE COMMITTEE FOR THE COLUMBIAN HOSPITAL-SHIP "MAINE."

Nurse Manley. Nurse Ludekins. Nurse Vean.



Colonel Hensman. Matron Hibbert. Nurse Macpherson.  
NURSES FOR THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL-SHIP "MAINE." BON VOYAGE TO THEM!  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.



## THE GRENADIER GUARDS.

Then let us fill a bumper and drink a health to those  
Who carry caps and pouches and wear the looped clothes;  
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,  
With the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the British Grenadiers.

The recent fighting on the Western side of the South African theatre of war, at Belmont, Gras Pan, and the Modder River, has somewhat disconcerted those wise men that discuss tactics at the green table and win bloodless victories by talking their opponents down. The development and precision of modern firearms have given rise to all sorts of impracticable theories and strange notions, several of which have been most rudely exploded of late. The theory that a bayonet attack is a thing of the past has been refuted in a most striking manner by Lord Methuen's gallant band, composed of some of our oldest corps, famous for centuries for the way they handled the bayonet.

The Grenadier Guards have on record as fine a list of actual bayonet-charges as has ever been the pride of any regiment. In the earliest days of their existence it was cold steel that helped the 2nd Battalion of what was then the "Royal Regiment of Guards," under Colonel Warcup, to capture a battery of the enemy's guns at Steenkirk. The siege of Namur again demanded the utmost steadiness and coolness, and it must have been a glorious sight to see the regiment, without firing a shot, according to orders, moving like a wall against the enemy's ramparts. Through a murderous fire, unflinching, shoulder to shoulder, the Guards advanced close up to the palisades, halted there, and poured in a withering hail of bullets. Then the fury of the storm broke loose, and poured in upon the enemy, who, unable to resist the deadly steel wielded by brawny British arms, turned and fled.

Another episode which evinced the steady pluck of the men to whom is now entrusted the safety of our South African possessions was the attempted landing of troops in France under General Bligh in 1758. The Grenadier company with the remainder of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards had disembarked, and were preparing to cover the disembarkation of further bodies of troops, when an overwhelming force of the enemy appeared on the scene, and proved to the commander of the expedition the futility of attempting a further landing of troops. It was decided to re-embark, and to the 1st Royal Regiment of Foot Guards and their Grenadier company fell the honourable task of covering the embarkation. In all, the regiment numbered some fifteen hundred men; these General Drury formed into squares, and thus they resisted for two hours and a-half (according to French accounts) the impetuous onslaughts of the enemy. At length, when the last cartridge had been fired, the Guards steadily withdrew toward the beach, and then endeavoured to swim out to the ships. Many were killed in the water, the loss of officers being especially heavy; some saved themselves by swimming, amongst others Sir William Boothby, who swam two miles before he was picked up. Barrosa, in 1809, was witness of how the Guards, with others, under Grahame, without food and under arms for twenty-four hours, deserted by their allies, resisted, forced back, and finally totally defeated Marshal Victor's 10,000 men with but 4000 British bayonets.

The Guardsmen's bayonets turned the tide of battle at Quatre Bras, and finally met foemen worthy of their steel at Waterloo, where Napoleon's Imperial Guards advanced in dense masses, to be driven back repeatedly, and finally routed by the "thin red line" that had sustained repeated furious assaults throughout that terrible day, in honour of which the regiment still bears its present proud title of Grenadier Guards. Numerous indeed are the deeds of valour of the British Grenadiers since first they were raised by Charles II. in 1656, and subsequently, in 1660, styled "Our Royal Regiment of Foot Guards," when it was ordered that they should "be held and esteemed as the oldest regiment."

Throughout the Revolution the regiment remained loyal to James II., until, in a letter to Lord Faversham, the former King released them from their allegiance. In 1667, some of the officers who belonged to the Roman Catholic faith had to resign their commissions, and thus one of the vacancies was filled up by John Churchill, afterwards in command of the regiment, and under whom, as Duke of Marlborough, the 1st Foot Guards, together with many another gallant corps, earned undying fame. Names like "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet," and "Dettingen" speak of those heroes who manfully fought their way from the Scheldt to the Danube under their great commander. "Corunna," "Barrosa," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," on the colours of the Grenadiers, each mark a hard-fought battle and a victory over England's old enemy.

"Alma," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol" speak of undaunted bravery under conditions as terrible as the horrors of war could conjure up.

"Egypt, 1882," "Tel-el-Kebir," "Suakin, 1885," mark England's triumphant march against slavery and oppression right into the heart of the "Dark Continent." The blood of those brave men who fought at Belmont, who stood the brunt of battle, fierce sunshine, hunger, and thirst for ten hours at Gras Pan, and who thrust the Boers out of their defences on the Modder River, will not have been shed in vain when once the Union Jack floats over Pretoria again, the dread of the oppressor, the refuge of the oppressed, supported by British bayonets.

Every boat takes a number of officers' wives to South Africa, and for them some kind of accommodation has to be provided—often with extreme difficulty. Those ladies already at the Cape are writing home urgently to their friends not to come out unless they are prepared to face an amount of discomfort before which the stoutest heart may well quail.

## THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

Many a time before this present trouble in South Africa have our Coldstreamers faced the Dutch in battle. The result was ever, in the long run, that English pluck won its way through endless tribulation, and the dogged determination of our warriors prevailed against the most formidable resistance. In good King Charles's golden days, the regiment now so familiar to Londoners had marched from over the Border at Coldstream, in 1659, and entered London to help the King to his own again. Their Colonel, "Honest George Monck," as his men called him, was created Baron Monck, Earl of Torrington and Duke of Albemarle. Albemarle's regiment survived when the army was disbanded in 1660, and was found very ready when the Dutch declared war in 1665. In those good old days the spirit of the old sea-dogs was high in the breasts of sturdy Britons, and war with the Dutch meant a series of naval engagements that gave every good soldier a chance of helping to raise his country to the proud position it now holds and of adding fresh bays to colours that had so often led him on to victory.

So we find the Coldstreamers, in their scarlet uniforms faced with green, the pikemen in green coats faced with scarlet, distributed on board the different ships that composed the fleet of 114 sail which stood out in April 1665, under the Duke of York, to meet the Dutch. Off Harwich the British fleet first encountered the foe, and then ensued a glorious fight such as Englishmen love. Working their guns, regardless of the enemy's shot and shell tearing huge gashes in the sides of the vessels, rending sails to ribbons, on they fought with the characteristic coolness of the Briton when he is in earnest. At last the enemy's fire begins to flag, and now is the time for England's merry men to reap the fruits of their hard work. With lusty cheers, cutlass or pike in brawny fists, they jump from the rigging and scramble on to the enemy's decks; a short, sharp, hand-to-hand encounter, and British steel has won—another ship added to the fleet that rules the waves. Thus, at Harwich the Dutch lost 6000 killed and wounded, 2000 prisoners, 18 ships taken, 14 sunk, and several blown up, against an English loss of one ship and 590 killed and wounded.

In 1673 the King ordered "that the Captains of the Coldstream Regiment of our Foot Guards be ranked and command next to the Captains of our own Regiment of Foot Guards, and to have preference of other regiments in having the main guards, the right hand in drawing up, and the vanguard in marches accordingly." Thus the old Order reads, and it has been kept in the spirit by generations of Coldstreamers.

The bayonet, that has won so many British laurels, was first issued to the Coldstreamers in 1686, in which year also the facings were changed to dark blue, the distinguishing colour of Royal Regiments. The bayonet has been the dread of their enemies ever since its introduction, a weapon that found its right place in the hands of the sturdy Border lads. At Oudenarde the proud warriors of France first encountered British bayonets. Led by Marlborough, himself a Guardsman, the Royal Regiments of Foot Guards and Coldstreamers, in the van, their accustomed place, headed the attack. The veterans of France, their victorious career under Vendome checked, recoiled before the solid red-clad masses that moved upon them with the irresistible force of waves of the mighty ocean whence they came.

"Malplaquet," "Dettingen," "Lincelles" are names that figure on the colours of the Coldstream Guards, marking the triumphant march of one of England's greatest soldiers. "Egypt" with the Sphinx tells of the share the Coldstreamers had in securing the road through the ancient land of the Pharaohs to our distant possessions in the Far East.

After an excursion to Copenhagen in 1807, where Coldstream and Scots Guards assisted at the investment of that town, the regiment was destined to take a glorious share in hastening the downfall of the Corsican tyrant. "Talavera," "Barrosa," "Peninsula" are names that mean undying fame to the Coldstream Guards and many another gallant corps. The light companies of the Coldstreamers were the first to make the famous passage of the Douro. At Barrosa again the Coldstreamers formed part of a force of 5000 men who were left by the Spanish General unaided to guard as best they could against the attacks of Marshal Victor's division of double their number. For an hour and a-half the fight raged fiercely. At last the French retreated, leaving the little British band reduced by nearly a fourth, weary and hungry, but victorious and defiant.

Kellermann's dense masses of cavalry melted away like snow before the withering fire of the 2nd Brigade at Quatre Bras.

At Hougoumont, another glorious name, Coldstream and Scots Guards withstood the fierce onslaught of Napoleon's dense columns. Exposed to terrible artillery fire, a fierce conflagration within, a hail of bullets without, our Guardsmen stood shoulder to shoulder.

After nearly fifty years of peace, the Coldstreamers again found themselves called abroad to face their country's foes, five hundred of the regiment, all that was left after the Alma, on the heights of Inkerman repulsing the constant attacks of as many thousand Russians. Ammunition became exhausted, so the brave band used stones as missiles, forcing the enemy back with clubbed muskets.

"Sevastopol," "Egypt, 1882," "Tel-el-Kebir," "Suakin, 1885," find their place on the colours of the Coldstream Guards. Now again our Coldstreamers are forcing their way at the point of the bayonet under the burning sun of South Africa to the relief of a beleaguered city. No doubt they are fighting against fearful odds, under climatic conditions the most trying. But they have done so before many a time, and have ever pulled through, thanks to the devotion of their officers and the dogged valour of the men.



## SOME WOUNDED OFFICERS.

Captain A. W. H. Bell, of the famous old 88th (now the 1st Battalion of the Connaught Rangers), was one of the victims of the splendid but unfortunate fight on the Tugela River. His regiment formed part of General Hart's brigade—generally known as the "Irish Brigade," and composed of the Connaughts, the Dublin Fusiliers, the Inniskilling Fusiliers, and an English battalion, the Border Regiment—which was sent to ford the Bridledrift, and, after a partial success, was forced to recross the river, as the position won was found to be untenable. The Irishmen and the North Countrymen deserved better success than they met with, for they forded the Tugela under a tremendously heavy fire, and sustained serious losses. Even when ordered to retreat, it is recorded that the men lost not a whit of their coolness and courage, but recrossed the river joking and singing. Captain Bell, who is thirty-four years old, joined the "Rangers" fifteen years ago, and was for a time Adjutant of a Militia Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles at Mallow. This is his first experience of war-service. It may be hoped his next will turn out more fortunate.

Lieutenant W. W. Weldon is a young officer of the 1st Battalion of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, another of the regiments under General Hart's command. He, too, was wounded at the passage of the Bridledrift, and in his case also it was his first engagement in actual war.

Major Birkbeck, who fortunately does not come under the above category, is an officer of the King's Dragoon Guards, and is employed on the Lines of Communication, his regiment not being at "the front." Unlike Captain Bell and Lieutenant Weldon, he has seen considerable war-service. Born in 1863, he joined the Army at the age of twenty, took part in the Hazara and Chin-Lushai Expeditions, and gained a "mention" in despatches for each campaign.

## AN ASTRONOMER GUARDSMAN.

Lord Dundonald, who commanded our Cavalry at the Battle of the Tugela, about fifteen years ago showed himself a worthy grandson of the fighting Lord Cochrane, whose name has come down in history as one of the world's greatest sailors. He was in the square at Abouklea within a yard or two of Colonel Burnaby when the square was thrown into disorder and Burnaby killed. It was shortly after this time that he got a chance of showing his exceptional grit and gifts. The General called for a volunteer; there was news of exceptional importance to be sent to Sir Redvers Buller, who was commanding the nearest British force. Someone was needed who could steer by the stars across the long miles of desert to guide the party who were taking the wounded to the wells, and then to ride on and take the news to General Buller.

The only man who had the requisite astronomical knowledge turned out to be a young Lord in the Life Guards, about two-and-twenty years old. His father, being alive, he was then known as Lord Cochrane, the title under which his grandfather, the Almirante Cochrane, of South American Independence, had won all his victories. His offer was accepted; he guided the wounded safely to the wells, and, leaving them there, rode on alone through the desert. It was daybreak when he reached Sir Redvers Buller, whom he found camped under a palm-tree, with no tent and but a single blanket. He was so exhausted with fatigue and cold that it was not until he had had a pull at Sir Redvers' whisky-flask that he was able to deliver his message. This was that Khartoum had fallen and General Gordon was dead. Then he fell

asleep, and woke up in a raging fever. It would be a fine subject for an artist, this of the young Lifeguardsman who bore such a heroic name making his way alone by the stars through the perils of the desert, carrying the news of one of the most striking events of the nineteenth century.



CAPTAIN BELL, OF THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS, WOUNDED AT COLENZO.



LIEUT. W. W. WELDON, OF THE ROYAL INNISKILLING FUSILIERS, WOUNDED AT COLENZO.



MAJOR BIRKBECK, OF THE 1ST (KING'S) DRAGOON GUARDS, WHO IS ON THE STAFF IN SOUTH AFRICA.



## "THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS."

The circumstances under which the field-guns were compulsorily abandoned by our Artillery at the recent Battle of Colenso have naturally directed special attention to this branch of the Service. A few words, accordingly, about the duties that, when in action, devolve upon "the men behind the guns" should prove of interest. As a preliminary, one

heroic attempt, Lord Roberts' son (a subaltern in the King's Royal Rifles) was wounded so severely that he died shortly afterwards.

Ten of the guns were compulsorily left on the field, close to a small donga (or hollow), where Colonel Bullock, of the Devonshire Regiment, with twenty-eight men all told, was taking cover. Late in the afternoon, these were made prisoners by a party of Boers. The guns, however, remained where they had been left, for the enemy shirked the risk of removing them.

A battery of Field Artillery (such as those engaged in the Colenso battle) consists of six 15-pounder breechloading guns and three waggons, each with a team of six horses. In chief command is a Major, while under him are a Captain and three Lieutenants. When in action, the Captain takes charge of the ammunition-waggons. The remainder of the responsibility is divided among the subalterns and sergeants who are respectively concerned with the efficiency of the three sections and six sub-divisions which compose the battery.

A field-gunner R.A. is one of the hardest-worked individuals in the British Army, as will be seen from this brief account of a day's routine at Aldershot: Supposing the time of year to be summer, he rises with the sun, and at 5.30 a.m. has to be on parade outside the stables of his battery. As soon as the roll has been called, he performs ten minutes' physical drill — familiarly

termed "monkey motions"!—and then busies himself with grooming and watering his horse and cleaning the stalls, &c. After he has given his four-legged comrade his breakfast (consisting of 4 lb. of hay and 3 lb. of oats), he hurries over his own. Immediately afterwards he turns out again for a brigade parade. The guns with their waggons are taken from their sheds, and the teams duly harnessed. A minute inspection then follows, and, on its completion, the battery joins the others at the appointed place of assembly.

When at length the field-day is over, and the troops have returned



A HOWITZER CREW. THERE ARE NINE MEN TO LOAD AND FIRE EACH GUN.

can, perhaps, scarcely do better than give the latest account of the manner in which this Arm sustained its unfortunate loss on this occasion.

From the most recent information concerning this, it seems that, when the engagement was at its height, on Dec. 15, the 14th and 66th Field-batteries (under Colonel Long), with some Naval guns, were sent forward to cover the advance of the infantry. In the eagerness that animates every Artilleryman to get at close quarters with the enemy, the gunners galloped almost up to the very bank of the river. Unfortunately, this was lined with a strong force of Boers, who had hitherto lain here concealed. Consequently, while our men were preparing for "action front," a withering fire was poured upon them. Of so fierce a nature was this that in a very few minutes thirteen out of the eighteen horses forming the teams were shot down. Without a moment's hesitation, however, the gunners sprang forward to take their places in getting the pieces into position. As they, in their turn, were exposed to such a deadly hail of bullets, it was resolved to take the guns to the rear until fresh horses could be procured.

While the attempt was being made, the enemy continued to pour volley after volley upon them, and soon so large a number of casualties had occurred that a general retirement was ordered. To an Artilleryman, however, his guns are a sacred charge, and so, Colonel Long having been severely wounded, the remaining officers made a series of gallant efforts to save them. Foremost among these was Captain Schofield, who, aided by Captain Congreve and some drivers, eventually saved two of the guns. In one of these



LOADING-CREWS OF FOUR 6-INCH HOWITZERS. THESE STAND BEHIND THE GUNS.

From Photographs by Cribb, Southsea.

to quarters, the Artilleryman still finds sufficient to engage his attention for some hours. To begin with, his horse has to be watered, and all the harness (with the exception of the saddle) taken off. At "mid-day stables," which takes place after a short interval, the saddle also is removed and the horse is groomed and fed, having for his dinner 3 lb. of hay and 4 lb. of corn. At 1.30 p.m. the gunner has his own meal, and, half-an-hour later, turns out again on parade. According to whether he be a gunner or a driver depends the manner in which he spends the

### "MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY."

It was a happy day for the novel-reader when Mr. A. E. W. Mason left the stage in order to devote his undoubted talents to writing. The success he made with "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" is likely to be even exceeded by his new story, "Miranda of the Balcony," published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Limited. The writing of each individual chapter is a veritable work of art, remarkable for its strength, and not

less remarkable for its reticence. In the evolution of the story the onward movement is carried forward with an ever-greatening momentum of these excellencies, and towards the end of the volume there are some masterpieces of description. Yet, with all these merits, merits which draw one back to the book to re-read bits here and there—a rare quality nowadays—there is an infiltrating sense of diffuseness which mars the effect of the whole. Mr. Mason himself will appreciate what is meant by this by comparing his chapters to admirably acted parts in a play, each a masterpiece in its way, but yet the presentation of the whole leaving a sense of an incomplete work of art when the curtain falls.

Against this, however, must be set the wonderful cleverness of the pictures of the East which he has painted—pictures which flood the whole book with the fierce light of the Eastern sun and the strange fatalism of the life of the East. One hears through the silent pages—silent as the desert—the prayers of the people ascending to the cloudless sky as one feels the strange fatalism descending in the night and darkness. Two episodes no student of contem-

porary work can afford to miss—the meeting of the blind Hassan with the man who had betrayed him, and the punishment meted out to the betrayer by the betrayed in the silent hour of the night. But there are two other episodes which also must not be missed—the scene in the Slave Market, and the journey home of the two Englishmen who hate each other with an undying hatred. What the relation of these characters is to one another, and what is their relation to the charming woman who gives her name to the book, must be found in its pages, to which readers are confidently recommended to turn with as little delay as possible.



A 6-INCH HOWITZER AT AN ANGLE OF 35 DEGREES: FIRING POSITION.

afternoon; the former devoting it to drill, and the latter to harness-cleaning. All hands, however, are occupied with "evening stables" at 5 p.m., when the wants of the horses are attended to for the third time, and a last meal of 4 lb. of hay and 3 lb. of corn is issued. The men then put the finishing touch to their day's work by another spell of physical drill. As soon as this parade is over, the gunner is dismissed to his own devices.

In consequence of the loss suffered by our Artillery in the Colenso battle, large reinforcements for this Arm are being rapidly sent out to South Africa, where their arrival will be eagerly welcomed by General Buller. Particularly will this be the case with regard to the howitzer batteries that are included therein. The armament of these is specially designed for battering strongly fortified positions, while ordinary field-guns are chiefly used against bodies of men. A great advantage of the howitzer gun is that (by the aid of an ingenious range-finding instrument that is employed with it) it can be loaded and aimed under cover. As the projectile (a lyddite shell) leaves the muzzle at a comparatively low velocity, the howitzer is necessarily fired at a high angle. Consequently, the shell falls at a very steep angle, and the execution it inflicts is thus enormously increased. At the Modder River battle, as well as during Lord Methuen's previous engagements, conspicuous service was rendered by the howitzer guns then employed. On these occasions they were manned by teams of blue-jackets, who throughout the campaign have rendered invaluable service. The Naval gunner works his guns without the assistance of horseflesh, but is in no whit behind in efficiency.



LOOK-OUT MEN, OR "THE OBSERVERS." THESE REPORT TO THE COMMANDER WHERE HIS SHELL FALLS.

From Photographs by Cribb, Southsea.



## CRACK CORPS SUPPLYING VOLUNTEERS FOR "THE FRONT."

*From Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY: GROUP OF THE HISTORIC REGIMENT AT THE FINSBURY HEADQUARTERS.



THE 1ST CITY OF LONDON ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS IN CAMP.

THE GALLANT RESERVE FORCES OF OLD ENGLAND.

*From Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



ROYAL EAST KENT YEOMANRY ON PARADE.



"THE DEVIL'S OWN" (INNS OF COURT) MOUNTED INFANTRY.



## ARMS AND THE CITIZEN!

The 18th ult. was a red-letter day in the annals of the Auxiliary Forces, for it was on this date that the Military Authorities announced their intention of employing a portion of our Volunteers and Yeomanry in the campaign that is being carried on in South Africa. As was only to be expected, the intimation was received with the utmost enthusiasm throughout the country, and a most gratifying response was promptly made to the nation's call for money and men. Indeed, before a week had elapsed, not only had a very large number of offers of personal service been made, but a sum of £70,000 sterling had also been subscribed by the public for the purpose of providing the special regiment which the City of London (the Corporation nobly contributing £25,000) is raising with its necessary equipment, &c.

This Force, which is to be known as the City of London Imperial Volunteers—otherwise “The Lord Mayor's Own”—is to be commanded by Colonel W. H. Mackinnon, late of the Grenadier Guards. He is a very well-known soldier, and his appointment has been received with great satisfaction in Volunteer circles. The total strength of the corps has been fixed at 1400 of all ranks, divided into eight companies, each with three officers. All the men have been selected from Metropolitan battalions, and thus the regiment is a London one to the backbone. Its ranks, too, are composed of the very best material possible, as the services of none but those who are thoroughly qualified in every respect have been accepted. Among the men selected are the present captain of the Blackheath Rugby Club, an ex-stroke of the Cambridge University Boat, and two holders of Captains' certificates in the Auxiliary Forces. Altogether, the *personnel* of the regiment could scarcely be improved.

To find a parallel for the present condition of affairs one has to turn to the stormy days of “the forty-five,” when bodies of men were raised by the City for the defence of the throne against the designs of the “Young Pretender.” Later on in the same century (to be exact, in the year 1798), the movement received a fresh impetus, owing to the imminence of the danger then menacing England from abroad. This was considered to be of so serious a nature that, on Feb. 9, a public meeting was held at the Royal Exchange, “to promote voluntary subscriptions to aid in the defence of the country, rendered necessary by the conduct of France.” On this occasion over £46,000 was subscribed by those present.

In the month of May of the same year, owing to the prevalent belief that Napoleon contemplated the immediate invasion of Great Britain, fresh efforts were made by the City Corporation “to show our enemies that the nation, and London in particular, had one heart, one spirit, and one strong hand, to defend against foreign invaders, or any Power on earth, our King and the institutions of our country.” The outward and visible form of these patriotic intentions took the shape of the organising of a number of Volunteer regiments for the defence of our shores. Bonaparte, getting wind of the warm reception that was thus being prepared for him, appears to have suddenly altered his mind, as, instead of taking his Army to England, he took it to Egypt. As a result of this display of the better part of valour, the newly enrolled auxiliaries were deprived of the promised opportunity of exhibiting their prowess, and, consequently, several corps were disbanded.

On June 30, 1803, another epoch in the history of the Volunteers occurred, for on this date the Home Secretary applied to the Court of Common Council for eight hundred men to reinforce the “Army of Reserve” then forming. Not only was the request instantly complied with, but, in addition to this, the citizens of every Ward voluntarily banded themselves together for the purpose of learning drill and the use of arms, in case their services should also be required. On the 19th of the following October, a thousand men of the Honourable Artillery Company, together with the full strength of the “Loyal London Volunteers,” marched to St. Paul's and took the Oath of Allegiance under the dome. With the dispersal of the scare (owing, no doubt, to these warlike preparations) also took place that of the majority of the “citizen soldiers.” At any rate, in 1806 only 2371 remained out of the 7207 of which the Force had originally been composed.

It was some time before the movement received any considerable fresh impetus. Just forty years ago, however, an extraordinary wave of enthusiasm swept over the country, and Volunteering was revived throughout the Kingdom. The City again took an active part in this patriotic work, and to the efforts of the Corporation at this time is due the formation of that well-known corps—the London Rifle Brigade. This was in 1859, and, thirty years later, the Lord Mayor of 1889 (Sir James Whitehead) made his mayoralty memorable by organising a special fund for the purpose of properly equipping all the Volunteer battalions in the Metropolitan area. It is, accordingly, chiefly through the instrumentality of the Committee which, under Sir James, carried out this scheme that the London battalions of to-day are in such a state of efficiency that the military authorities are enabled to avail themselves of their services at this critical juncture.

In addition to the employment of this City of London Imperial Volunteers Regiment, further use is to be made of England's “citizen soldiers,” for the Secretary of State for War has decided to reinforce every Regular battalion on active service in South Africa by two companies taken from the various Volunteer corps at home which are affiliated to them. By this arrangement, over eight thousand of the flower of Great Britain's manhood will soon be voluntarily taking the field against the enemies of their Queen and country. All honour, accordingly, to our self-sacrificing and patriotic Volunteers for the noble manner in which they have responded to the Government's call to arms.

## THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

While so much public attention was lately directed, and rightly directed, towards the Volunteers, the importance of another branch of the country's Auxiliary Forces was in great danger of being overlooked. This was the Yeomanry of Great Britain—a body which has ever borne a foremost part in sustaining the continuous supremacy of the kingdom. Just now it is about to have a fresh opportunity of proving its mettle, for the War Office has decided to send to South Africa a regiment that is to be chiefly composed of members of this Arm. It is to be known as “The Imperial Yeomanry,” and its ranks will be formed preferably from the Yeomanry. In the event of an insufficient number of these coming forward (and it must be remembered that every man will be required to provide his own horse), Volunteers and civilians will also be eligible for enrolment therein.

The term of enlistment has been fixed at one of twelve months, “or for not less than the period of the war.” Consequently, if, as is probable, hostilities are concluded before 1900 shall have run its course, the men will either be immediately discharged or given the option of completing a full year's service. Pay, at the ordinary cavalry rate, will be issued from the date of enlistment, and in respect of pensions and gratuities, &c., the members of the regiment will be placed on exactly the same footing as is the Regular Army. As the providing by the men of their own horses will naturally prove a serious strain upon many otherwise well-qualified recruits, the Government has arranged to allow a sum of £40 per head to everyone bringing his own charger. A capitation grant will also be made for the purpose of procuring suitable uniform, saddlery, and equipment. Arms and ammunition, as well as transport, however, will be provided by the Government.

The headquarters of the Imperial Yeomanry are at 12, Suffolk Street, S.W. Here the Committee of Organisation are busily employed all day long in dealing with the host of matters that have to be attended to before the formation of the corps can be completed. Despite the widely published announcement to the effect that enlistments can only take place at the headquarters of the various Yeomanry regiments in the kingdom, numerous personal applications are made daily at the Suffolk Street offices. None of these offers, however, can be accepted, and in every case the disappointed candidates have to be directed to proceed to the nearest authorised place of enrolment.

In the case of those who apply at Buckingham for enlistment, special facilities for joining the new corps are offered. This is because Lord Chesham (who is to command the regiment) has generously promised all members of the Royal Bucks Hussars (of which he is also Lieutenant-Colonel) who may go to the front that they will be relieved of all expense whatever. Lord Valentia (commanding the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars) is following the same example, and there is no doubt that it will be widely copied throughout the country. Consequently, no one need hang back because of his inability to fulfil the necessary pecuniary obligations.

Each company into which the regiment, when completed, is to be divided is to consist of 1 Captain, 4 subalterns, and 115 rank-and-file, together with the usual staff of farriers, shoeing-smiths, saddlers, and buglers. In command of the Corps is to be Colonel Lord Chesham, and among the officers who have been selected to serve under him are the Earl of Lonsdale and Lord Annaly. Nearly every Yeomanry officer in the country has proffered his services, and, as only a tithe of these can be accepted, it naturally follows that the number of disappointed applicants is a very large one. As indicative of the keenness to see fighting that exists among some of these latter, it may be mentioned that both Lord Stanley and Lord Wolverton are going to South Africa in the humble capacity of troopers in the Imperial Yeomanry. The Duke of Marlborough, Lord Harris, Viscount Valentia, and the Hon. T. A. Brassey—all of whom are Yeomanry officers—have also placed their services at the disposal of the Authorities.

The rôle that will be played by the regiment when it is on service will probably be very much akin to that of the Mounted Infantry. Of course, if necessity demands, it may be utilised as a Cavalry reinforcement pure and simple. These, however, are perhaps rather early days to be trying to settle this question. In the meantime, one thing is certain, namely, that whatever the Imperial Yeomanry may be called upon to do, they will do it right well.

It is more than a little doubtful if the majority of people have any very clear idea as to the precise value of the gift which the nation is receiving by this practical exposition of patriotism on the part of those composing the *personnel* of this regiment. As a matter of fact, this will represent in money alone at least £250,000 sterling (reckoning the four thousand men of which the force is to eventually consist as expending £60 apiece in horseflesh and equipment, &c.).

Although Ireland has neither local Volunteers nor Yeomanry, the sister island is by no means hanging back in responding to the call to arms. On the contrary, she is coming forward in a most loyal fashion, and at Belfast and Newbridge, where applications for enlistment are being received, the authorities report that the number of candidates presenting themselves is most gratifying. Lord Chesham has also received an offer from a number of Irish hunting-men to form a separate troop for service under him. In Scotland, too, the response is equally large, and the only difficulty that arises consists in making a suitable selection from among the host of applications that is daily pouring in. Evidently Old England, despite the pessimistic utterances of the Continental Press, is not yet played out.

THE GALLANT RESERVE FORCES OF OLD ENGLAND.

*From Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



THE LONDON SCOTTISH RIFLE VOLUNTEERS ON PARADE.



THE QUEEN'S WESTMINSTERS IN DRILL ORDER.





## THE PRESENT-MINDED BEGGAR.

Robert comforts the "Girl that Tommy's left behind him!"

# "THE SNOW MAN," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Wykeham, Balham High Road.*



THE SNOW MAN.

*"The Snow Man," the first of our Christmas pantomimes, met with a warm welcome at the Lyceum, in spite of the chilliness of the theme. Mr. James Welch made the part of Friscotin, the Snow Man, very pathetic, and rightly so. But there was much to provoke merriment, especially when little Master Hersee, as Philip, was on the stage. The wedding scene, in which Lisa, the Burgomaster's daughter (Miss Ruth Davenport), is jilted by each of her suitors in turn, owing to the freezing presence of the Snow Man, is very original, if not as pretty as that in which the Snow Man first comes to life. Altogether, the Lyceum fairy-story is daintily pretty and idyllic.*



THE WEDDING SCENE.





MISS EVA MOORE,

*The vivacious ingénue who makes such a delightful Lucie Manette in Mr. Martin Harvey's revival of "The Only Way," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. This photograph is by Gabell and Co., Ebury Street, S.W.*



MR. MARTIN HARVEY,

*The announcement of whose re-appearance as Sydney Carton in "The Only Way," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, brought joy to the hearts of his many admirers. This photograph is by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



## MR MARTIN HARVEY, THE POPULAR SYDNEY CARTON.

The resumption of the run of "The Only Way" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre takes place most opportunely. It comes at the moment when the lesson of self-sacrifice attains tremendous force. Sydney Carton gave his life not primarily to save Charles Darnay, but for the sake of Lucie Manette, as every Englishman is not now volunteering to serve the Government only, but his Queen and country in the hour of their need.

The example furnished in this beautiful story, written by Charles Dickens and dramatised by Freeman Wills, finds a reflection to-day in the heart of every individual who claims to be an Englishman. The play stands, therefore, in a specially ennobled light at the present time. I venture to think that there was no one, not even the most callous or the most selfish, who was not stirred by the splendid acting of Mr. Martin Harvey as Sydney Carton when "The Only Way" held the boards at the Lyceum, and afterwards at the Prince of Wales's. How much more will his great histrionic powers be appreciated under present circumstances!

Mr. Martin Harvey is unquestionably an ideal Sydney Carton—the man seems as if created to fill the part. Although the hero of the play, he least of all appears to pose as the leading character. Yet he has given the part the impress of his great personality—not to be confounded with mannerism, which is fatal to true art—and this makes it stand out in greatest prominence. Personally he is much assisted, for his whole nature seems to embody the poetry, the pathos, and the latent power which are the elements of the noble character he portrays, so much so that off the stage he strikes one as being still the same Sydney Carton. However, he has played numerous other parts with singular distinction—parts many of which are utterly unlike his present rôle. Mr. Martin Harvey was educated in the best of all possible schools. For thirteen years he sat at the feet of that Gamaliel of dramatic instructors, Sir Henry Irving, a teacher who constantly inculcated the lesson that no part was so perfect that its edges might not be more highly polished or its colour or its delicate hues improved. The Lyceum, as Mr. Martin Harvey is fond of saying, is a school where absolute devotion to art is the ruling principle. There the smallest part is considered as much deserving of study as the most prominent character—all the more so, perhaps, because the small part has less capabilities. It would be worse than tedious to give in detail the parts Mr. Martin Harvey has played at the Lyceum, but one may gather some conception of their comprehensiveness when it is stated that he has appeared there in high-tragedy and low-comedy; old men, boys, typical villains, fatuous lovers—all have been impersonated by him. Conspicuously, one may remember him as the Dauphin in "Louis XI.," as Osric in "Hamlet," as Joliquet in "The Lyons Mail"; while one recalls, perhaps with a different pleasure, his inimitable Sam Weller and his Fat Boy; parts which were doubled by him in the same night's performance.

Like the sincere student that he is, Mr. Martin Harvey is never really idle, and is probably happiest when wearing the harness of his profession. He finds, apparently, his strength best recuperated when donning the buskin in some new part. Even his holidays when at the Lyceum were frequently spent in touring "on his own," essaying parts in the provinces that he would have hesitated to offer to the London critics; but he and his friend Haviland would not be balked in their ambitions, and manfully played leads in such plays as "Ruy Blas" and "The Corsican Brothers" on tour, and then, on their return to town, they were enabled to contrast their own deficiencies with the more finished performances of their "chief" and their other colleagues at the Lyceum. It is in such fashion that our best actors are made.

When Mr. Martin Harvey first opened at the Lyceum, with "The Only Way," as a manager, there were not wanting many who shrugged their shoulders doubtfully. While admiring his courage, they were dubious as to the result. However, those who knew the strength of his apprenticeship at the Lyceum, and had carefully watched the young actor climb the acclivities of the many parts, confidently augured that successful issue which has become the guerdon of his venture. On the 28th of December Mr. Martin Harvey was able to record the 260th performance of "The Only Way," which seems as fresh and full of staying power as when the play first passed the starting-gate. Miss Eva Moore is a charming Lucie Manette.

Unquestionably this notice of Mr. Martin Harvey would be incomplete without mention of his clever wife, known to playgoers as Miss de Silva, especially as she was associated with him in many plays at the Lyceum before she linked her fate with his in matrimony. Mrs. Martin Harvey sympathises very thoroughly in all the details of her husband's ambitions, and in most of his theories, especially in those which affect art and the drama. She agrees with him that the public like variety in their dramatic diet; besides, she is in accord with him in his belief that nothing is so fatal to the actor as living and moving in a groove. She has herself given very recently testimony to her belief by appearing as a Coster "donah" in a little sketch, entitled "An Idyll of Seven Dials," in which Miss de Silva personated the girl with the skillful touch of a true artist.

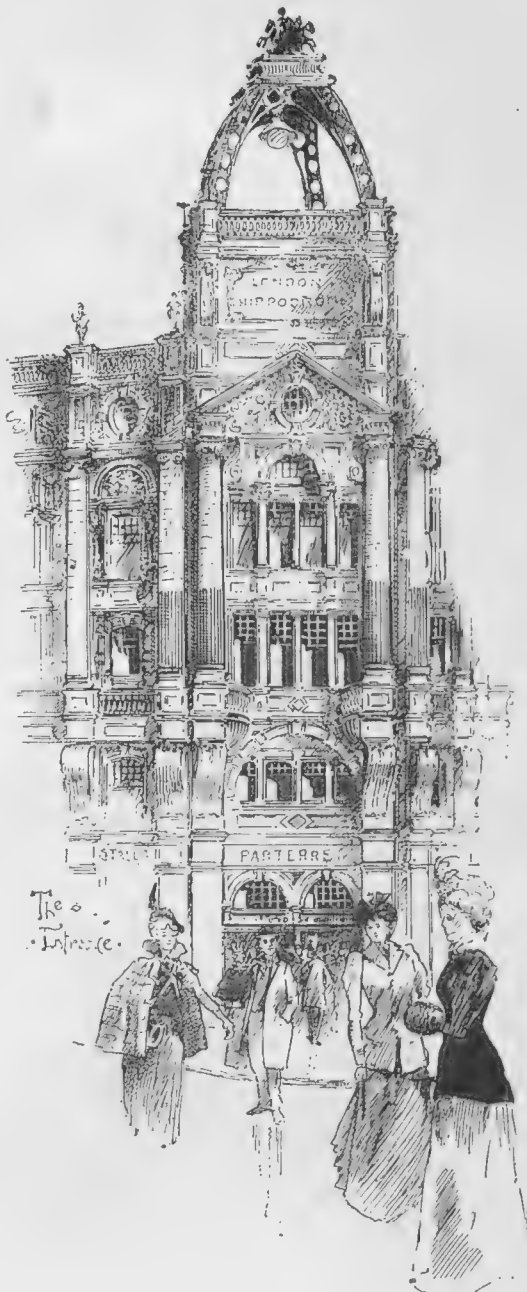
It is no mere commonplace to add that Mr. and Mrs. Martin Harvey were welcomed most heartily on their return to town, where their friends—and they are many—wish them a continual run of success, and a very happy New Year.

## LONDON'S NEWEST AMUSEMENT TEMPLE AND ITS WHOLESALE PROMOTERS.

That the new London Hippodrome in Leicester Square, or rather, in Cranbourn Street, next door to Daly's, should turn out to be one of the grandest theatres yet seen in this many-theatre'd Metropolis is perhaps not to be wondered at when one comes to regard the extensive capital and boundless energy of this new playhouse's promoters. The said promoters are the gigantic limited liability company-runners, Messrs. Moss, Stoll, and Thornton, whose theatres, both of the "regular" and the variety kind, chiefly named "Empires," number in the suburbs and the provinces a good round couple of dozen.

It was only a few weeks ago that Mr. H. E. Moss, aided by Mr. Richard Thornton, Mr. Oswald Stoll, and Mr. Frank Allen, the General Manager of the whole plan, carried through a scheme of amalgamating all the company's theatrical and variety properties, including their London Hippodrome, their District Empire Palaces, and their Empires at Birmingham, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Sheffield, Glasgow, Liverpool, Leeds, Hull, and Nottingham, together with their Cardiff, Newport, and Swansea group, the three last-named originally forming the Stoll branch, which joined the Moss and Thornton Syndicate some few years ago. The chief advantage claimed for this amalgamation was not only the better results as to working the artists, but also the ensuring of the permanence of the dividends paid. As Mr. Moss pointed out, the entertainment-providing business is, at the best, a fluctuating affair, the "returns" at this or that place of amusement varying according to the welfare or otherwise of the local industries. Thus the dissensions in the South Wales coal-trade would undoubtedly affect the "returns" in the variety and other theatres at Cardiff, Newport, and Swansea; and, of course, a strike among the Nottingham lace-makers would seriously injure all amusement-places along that part of what John Milton, of Bread Street, E.C., was wont to call the "silver Trent." The proposed combination, therefore, would, it was held, tend to increase the profits by diminishing the expenditure; would considerably reduce the directors' fees and a mass of miscellaneous expenses caused by the running of the (then) ten separate companies; and the higher earning-power would work out in uniformity of dividends. Eventually, after meetings at all the above-named centres, the scheme for amalgamation was almost unanimously carried at each place, and a new combined company was formed, with a nominal capital of over £1,000,000, half in 5 per cent. Preference and half in Ordinary shares, with a Debenture issue of £400,000. And thus was carried through a vast "combine," surely never dreamed of in the days, not many years ago, when Mr. Richard Thornton, a man long considerably esteemed up Tyneside way, started a hall or two on his own account, and anon joined with Mr. H. E. Moss, a canny young Scot of Edinboro' Toon, and later with Mr. Oswald Stoll, long a resident entertainment-provider to those wiry Ancient Britons whose language appears (as Conan Doyle says in the song) to consist chiefly of "w's," "y's," and "double l's."

The carrying on of these theatrical and variety enterprises wholesale, retail, and for exportation, is, of course, not done without a vast output

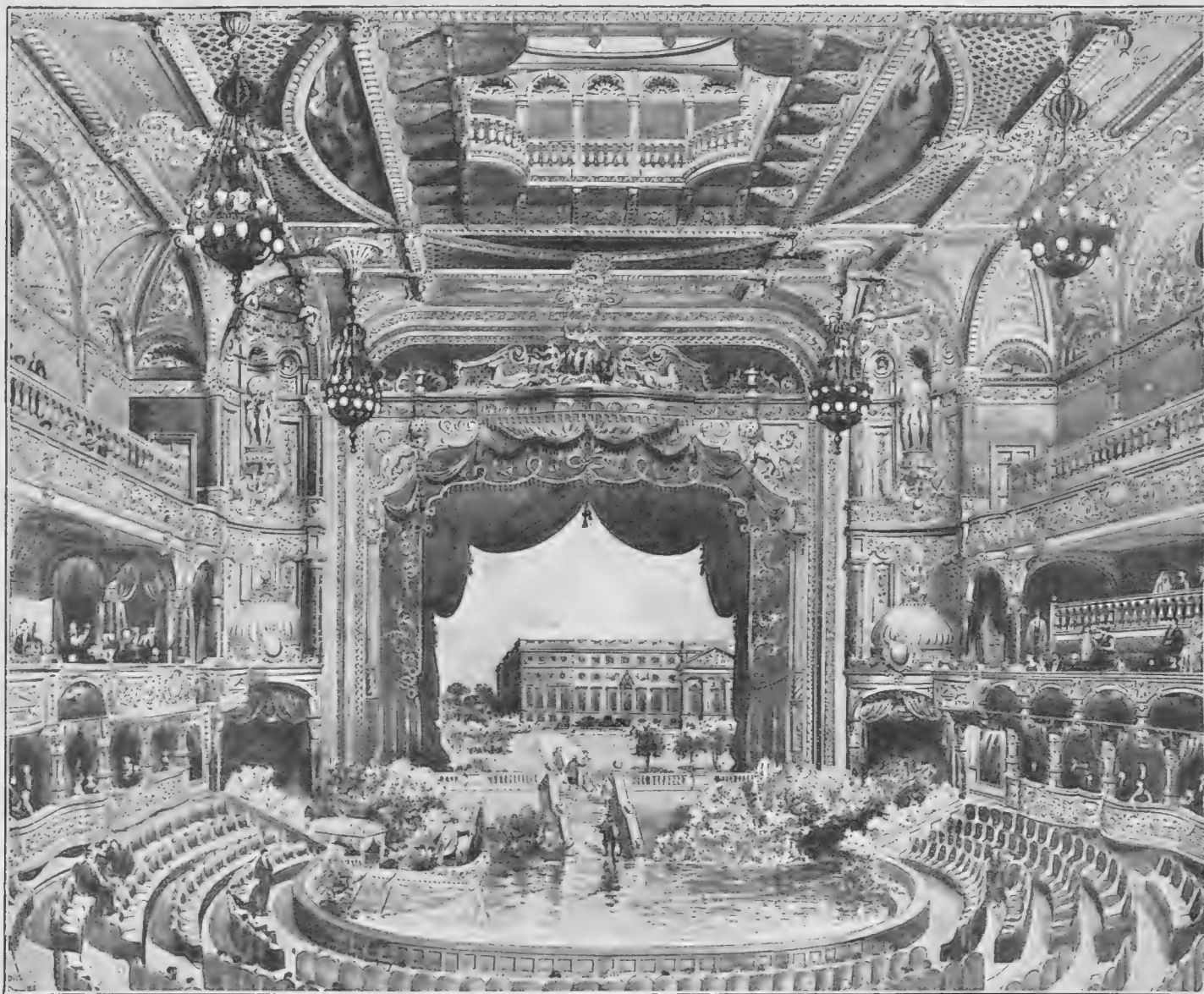


EXTERIOR OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

of labour and energy. Happily, Messrs. Moss, Stoll, Allen, and Thornton—especially the first three named (for the last-named clever organiser is now somewhat of a veteran, and rests, to some extent, upon his laurels, as the saying is)—are seen to exert themselves continuously, with unflinching conscientiousness, their chief anxiety seeming always to be to save their shareholders' money as much as can be possible without the slightest approach to niggardliness, or the more or less Gentle Art of Ship-Spoiling for ha'porths of tar. Thus, one night, or part of a night, you will strike Moss, say, at the Hippodrome, with subsequently a look in, say, at the new Holloway Empire, which opened a week or two ago. Next night, you will happen on Stoll, up from Cardiff, and keeping an eye or so on the new Empire at New Cross. Anon you will encounter all three—plus, perhaps, Allen—considering some question of the Empire at Stratford, or South Shields, or Liverpool, and so forth. The present writer has often run up against each or all of these busy bees at these places, and they always seemed both shrewd and cheerful, always ready to tell a quaint story or to relate some strange experience of this or that part of the world, and each one always practising a temperateness in all things verging upon the Stoic form.

This vast "ring" below the dramatic stage is constructed on a very surprising plan—at least, it will prove so to laymen and their little lay-folk. When the circus show, with its wonderful horses, zebras, quaggas, and other more or less fearful wild-fowl, is over, or when the startling performance of Seeth's two dozen enormous real live lions is to be removed *en bloc*, and something in the kind of a water-show needs to be substituted, this circus-ring sinks silently from view down, down, down below the bowels of the theatre. Anon, in place of the circus there silently arises a counterpart of whatever river may be needed, or whatever portion of sea has been chartered—as, for example, the sparkling green waves used in connection with the aforesaid chief dramatic item, "Gay Ostend; or, The Absent-Minded Millionaire," with libretto and lyrics by H. Chance Newton, and bright and melodious music by the Hippodrome's *chef d'orchestre*, M. Georges Jacobi. M. Jacobi and his splendid band will be found, not in front of the stage (as the custom is), but in a large saloon of their own, running along the O. P. side of the boxes.

When the "Gay Ostend" play commences, the dramatic stage—on which its chief comedians, namely, Little Tich, Messrs. M. R. Morand,



LONDON'S GRAND NEW HIPPODROME IN CRANBOURN STREET: THE BRILLIANT INTERIOR.

This ubiquitous firm's latest venture, the aforesaid Hippodrome—described as "under the direction of H. E. Moss, of the United Empires, Limited"—is really a most palatial building of somewhat square shape and of extensive roominess. Its architect, Mr. Frank Matcham, has designed the house to serve not only for theatrical, equestrian, and menagerie performances, but also even to fit plays of an amphibious type, such as the "Gay Ostend" play in the opening programme. Thus there is a well-equipped stage fitted with every possible new appliance, mechanical, hydraulic, dynamic, and electric, whether for scene-setting, "cloth"-raising, "set"-sinking, or wondrous lighting. For many of the marked improvements in stage-working, Mr. Frank Parker, the resident producer and stage-manager, is responsible. Indeed, the stage and its appliances, apart from anything else, form a sight well worth seeing. Mr. Parker has also taken care to do away with those old-time "lollipop"-looking posts which have hitherto been used in the "ring" portion of such huge mixed theatres as these. In place of such striped posts, the new Hippodrome has a series of pedestal lamps, the light-giving portion of which represents Her Gracious Majesty's Crown, with the jewels thereof resplendent in their respective hues.

Altamont, and Fritz Rimma, and Misses Elsie Carew and Blanche Wolseley, conduct the chief acting business of the play—is sunk to the just improvised sea-level. Meanwhile, the stage-cloth is swiftly made up to represent the Beach (with a fine scene, by Mr. T. E. Ryan), and youngsters, nursemaids, &c., are seen gambolling and "padding" in the wavelets.

All this transformation from land to water, and *vice versa*, is, of course, arranged somewhat after the plan of the Paris Nouveau Cirque, only on a far-improved scale, and, in the case of "Gay Ostend," the mimic sea affords extensive scope for the wonderful and graceful feats of those celebrated swimmers, Mr. James Finney and Miss Marie Finney, who respectively play the real but not too dialogue-burdened hero and his sweetheart in this play.

In short, whether with its comedians, singers, dancers, conjurers, and what not on the stage proper; its vast acrobatic, equestrian, and zoological shows in the mammoth circus; or its swimming feats and rallies in the water, this large and beautifully decorated Hippodrome should supply London and its environs with what shopkeepers call "a long-felt want."



# "THE SKETCH" COMEDIES.

## I.—A SNOW-MAN.

BY CLO GRAVES.

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SCENE: *The courtyard of an old country manor-house. A frozen fish-pond, a seat, and a sun-dial. It is a bright 24th of December, with heaps of snow.*

Discovered, GERTY, aged twelve, a vision of golden curls, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks, in combination with a Tum-o'-Shanter, a brass-buttoned pea-jacket, a short serge frock, long scarlet stockings, and snow-boots.

GERTY (*indignantly crunching a stick of chocolate*). How much longer am I to cool my heels beside this old sun-dial, I wonder? How Mademoiselle would sneer if she knew I had waited a whole half-hour out of doors in such freezing weather, and for a boy like Bobbie! He said he would be here at eleven sharp, no kid! That's Harrow slang for word of honour, I suppose. (*She makes the silver paper off the chocolate into a pill, throws it away, and begins on a tablet of butterscotch.*) We're going to skate on the Long Pond. I like skating with a boy so much better than skating with another girl. Another girl won't help one with one's straps and screws. And another girl's arm round one's waist isn't the same thing as a boy's arm. Mademoiselle would say I was not expressing myself with refinement, but it's the truth. It's like the difference between (*crunching*) digestive candy and butterscotch. One is good for you; you're good for any amount of the other. (*Excited barks herald the entrance of PINCH, a dirty-white fox-terrier, who enters on his hind legs, walking backwards in front of BOBBIE, a long-legged schoolboy of fourteen, in dusty tweed and a cricketing-cap. He whistles a popular air very loudly and very much out of tune, and dangles a wire rat-trap which contains a healthy specimen of the domestic rodent.*) Oh, here he is at last! I've a good mind to be nasty, but I won't.

BOBBIE. Down, Pin, down! Wait till we get to the barn, you little beggar! Call yourself a sporting dog, do you? Yah!

GERTY. Oh, Bobbie, how late you are! And you promised to meet me here punctually at eleven!

BOBBIE. Did I? (*Languidly admiring his rat.*) By bangs, he's a whopper! Won't he squeal presently when Pinch is into him. Nip, serunch, done for, and drop him; that's your sort, isn't it, Pinny? (*Addressing PINCH, who goes into ecstasies of barking and kicks up showers of snow*)

GERTY. What are you going to do with that unfortunate creature? Hound it to death in the stable-yard, I suppose, as you did those others yesterday.

BOBBIE. I'm not going to hound it to death—I'm going to fox-terrier it to death. Quite a different thing.

GERTY (*haughtily*). Don't you know that there is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, you horrid boy?

BOBBIE. Don't you know that rats are vermin, not animals, you duffing girl?

GERTY. They are animals, stupid!

BOBBIE. They ain't, silly!

GERTY. They are (*witheringly*), class *Rodentia*, genus *mus*.

BOBBIE. You'll get mussed yourself if you meddle with Latin. Latin's for men. (*Crushingly.*)

GERTY. Then why do boys learn it?

BOBBIE (*at a loss for a repartee*). Because—because—— Look here (*with a sudden idea*), if you're really anxious to save the life of this beast, take it and keep it. I don't want it. (*He begins to open the trap.*)

GERTY (*shrinking*). Oh! but——

BOBBIE. Hold out your frock (*advancing with fell purpose*). I'll drop him into it. Then you can take Mister Mus home and have him for a pet. Teach him what's Latin for himself, if you like. (*Sneeringly.*)

GERTY. Go away! Leave me alone, you nasty, horrid, cruel, unfeeling boy! (*She weeps copiously.*)

BOBBIE (*in consternation*). Here, leave off that! Look here, I won't do it again. Solemn oath I won't. Dash it, do stop! (*GERTY, perceiving her advantage, pursues it relentlessly.*) Here, I'll throw the beastly thing away. See! (*He hurls the trap violently away into the snow. The door bursts open; the rat exits hurriedly with PINCH in close attendance.*) There (*he produces a soiled handkerchief printed with Union Jacks*), wipe your eyes on this. Don't be shy; it isn't a clean one.

GERTY (*availing herself of the offer*). Oh, Bobbie, how good you are!

BOBBIE (*flushed with conscious virtue*). Ain't I, by bangs! Look here, I didn't forget we were to go skating; I went down to look at the ice on the Long Pond, and it won't bear. There's been a thaw in the night, though it's freezing now. (*With a happy thought.*) Let's build a snow-man up round the sun-dial instead; it'll be spiffing larks!

GERTY. Will it? Then do let us!

BOBBIE (*seating himself comfortably on the stone bench*). First, you scrape a heap of snow together. (*He loads with shag and lights a dirty clay pipe purchased of one of the grooms.*)

GERTY. You're smoking!

BOBBIE. I know it. (*Trying not to cough.*)

GERTY (*as he blinks and turns pale*). How can you like that smelly pipe? Doesn't it make you sick?

BOBBIE (*controlling a qualm*). Sick!

GERTY. Don't be angry. I didn't mean to vex you. And, please, don't put your pipe away just to please me.

BOBBIE. Don't mention it. I'd rather. (*He knocks out the ashes, and pockets the instrument of torture with real relief.*) Men are always considerate of ladies' feelings.

GERTY (*acutely*). When the ladies are young enough to be considered. Oh, do let's build our snow-man and not waste time when there's so little of it!

BOBBIE. And such lots of snow. (*He heaps up a mound about the sun-dial, which, under violent manipulation, begins to present some faint resemblance to the male human form.*) We must keep his legs close together. Make me a huge snowball for his head, please, while I fix another for his tummy. Now we'll give him a pair of arms—that's a deuce of a job to do properly—and then we'll give him a hat, and he'll be perfect. (*After a protracted period of labour, both sculptors knock off to rest and admire the work of their hands.*)

GERTY. He is superb, isn't he?

BOBBY. Rattling fine! That is, he will be when I've stuck these two blue marbles in his face for eyes, and indicated his nose and mouth with these stumps of black-lead pencil. (*Suiting the action to the word.*) Now! Complete, isn't he?

GERTY. Quite—except in one particular.

BOBBIE. What do you think he wants?

GERTY. I think he wants a snow-girl stuck up beside him out here to keep him company.

BOBBIE. Bosh! He's a man and can stand alone.

GERTY. As long as it freezes. But, when the thaw sets in——

BOBBIE. He'll collapse. But—so would the snow-girl, if there was one.

GERTY. So would the snow-girl. But each would stand a little longer because the other one was there (*wilfully*); and when the crash came, and both——

BOBBIE. Slithered into slush——

GERTY. They would at least have the satisfaction of slithering together. I see you don't understand (*as BOBBIE gapes vacuously at her*). There! I hear Mademoiselle calling. I must go to her.

[*She walks slowly from him, her head held very high.*]

BOBBIE. By bangs! Something's put her out. How touchy girls are! (*Whistling.*) Here, Pinch, Pinch! [*He goes away cheerfully.*]

GERTY. How dense boys are! [*She goes away dejectedly.*]

ACT-DROP.

## II — A SNOW-WOMAN.

SCENE: *The courtyard of the same old country manor-house. A starlit night in July.*

SIR ROBERT, aged twenty-five, bare-headed and in Cavalry mess-uniform, kicking his heels impatiently by the sun-dial.

SIR ROBERT (*savagely knocking the ash from his cigar*). How many more hours must I kick my heels round this beastly old sun-dial, I wonder? They must have finished dinner ages ago. She vowed to be here by half-past nine. Quarter to eleven by my ticker, and not a sign of her. She's forgotten all about me, poor devil that I am! Oh, Gertrude! (*Apostrophising the moon.*) Don't forget! Don't let that Scotch ass make love to you because he's a millionaire and got a Peerage through supplying the House of Lords with a particular blend of whisky. (*A pretty mezzo-soprano is heard in the distance.*) There she is! Singing "Annie Laurie," too, though I've heard her protest her hatred of Scotch ballads over and over again. (*A door opens. Two shadows, one masculine, the other feminine, are projected across the threshold, and stretch fantastically across the courtyard, reaching to SIR ROBERT'S feet as he stands waiting by the sun-dial.*) It's Gertrude . . . and with that carrot-headed distiller, by George! She's going for a moonlight wander in the garden with him, oblivious of the fact that she's already given her oldest friend—she used to say her dearest oldest friend—an appointment by the fish-pond at nine-thirty. (*The heads of the shadows of the two persons whispering in the doorway approach and meet.*) He kissed her, and she let him! She let him, the flirt, the——! (*Words fail SIR ROBERT as the masculine shadow separates from the feminine shadow and vanishes into the house, while GERTRUDE advances towards the sun-dial, singing softly to herself. The moonlight reveals her to be a charming young person of twenty-one, who is supremely conscious of her advantages.*)

GERTRUDE (*as SIR ROBERT remains stiff and silent*). Well?

SIR ROBERT (*with an effort*). Well?

GERTRUDE. I am here, you see.

SIR ROBERT. You were there. I saw you. (*He points to the illuminated doorway.*) With him . . . that alcoholic cad!

GERTRUDE. Poor Lord Lochlyn. When he never, by any chance, touches his own whisky!

SIR ROBERT. Do you care about him? (*Roughly.*)

GERTRUDE. Am I not here—with you?

ROUND THE PANTOMIMES: THEATRICAL FAIRIES OF YULETIDE.



MISS ALEXANDRA DAGMAR, PRINCIPAL BOY IN "THE FORTY THIEVES,"  
AT THE GRAND THEATRE, ISLINGTON.

*Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.*



MISS JULIA MACKAY, PRINCIPAL BOY IN "DICK WHITTINGTON,"  
AT TERRISS'S THEATRE, ROTHERHITHE.

*Photo by Schloss, New York.*



MISS GODWYNNE EARLE, PRINCIPAL GIRL AT THE ALEXANDRA  
OPERA HOUSE, SHEFFIELD.

*Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.*



MISS JENNIE OWEN IN "ROBINSON CRUSOE," AT THE THEATRE  
ROYAL, DUBLIN.

*Photo by Illingworth, Northampton.*



SIR ROBERT. Just this moment. But before . . . and afterwards . . . you were and will be with other men. Oh, Gerty! If you would only—

GERTRUDE. If I would only paste a label on my back with "Let" upon it; or hang a metal ticket on one of my bangles bearing the name and address, "Captain Sir Robert Belmore, The Orange Hussars, X Barracks," neatly engraved upon it; if I would only be dull, discreet, and dismal, deaf and blind to the fact that any other man except your honourable self exists—then you would be perfectly happy—

SIR ROBERT (*fervently*). I would!

GERTRUDE. For twenty-four hours! (*Softening*.) Bob, dear, you know I don't care about anyone but you!

SIR ROBERT. Then why keep that Scotch idiot dangling? Let him go. Throw him off. (*Bitterly*.) You can if you choose. . . .

GERTRUDE. Then he . . . and everybody, will ask why.

SIR ROBERT. Then tell 'em you're engaged to me!

GERTRUDE. You seem to forget that there is no formal betrothal between us, sir. No solemn promise has been given or received . . . I wear no ring, I—

SIR ROBERT. You're glad to remember! Oh yes, you have been cautious enough. You're not bound. But I am . . . I am, with chains that gall me to the bone. (*He rests his folded arms upon the sun-dial and droops his head upon them. A sob breaks from him.*)

GERTRUDE. Bob . . . (*touching his cheek*), you're foolish! Darling Bob, won't you believe that I love you, believe that I care nothing about Lochlyn? . . . Forget all that troubles you and let us be happy as we used when we were schoolgirl and schoolboy here together. Have you forgotten one Christmas Eve, when you had promised to take me skating on the Long Pond? You didn't keep your appointment by half-an-hour, and, when you did turn up, you wanted to go ratting. . . . And I was so disappointed, I cried!

SIR ROBERT. Dearest! (*He slips his arm about her waist.*)

GERTRUDE. Then you were sorry, and— (*He kisses her.*) Did you? I don't remember! But we built a snow-man round the sun-dial.

SIR ROBERT. And you wanted to make him a wife . . . a snow-woman to keep him company. . . .

GERTRUDE. And you made fun of me, you rude boy!

SIR ROBERT. I wouldn't now. (*Imploringly*.) Gertrude . . . Gertrude, tell me, my sweetest, when is my probation coming to an end? When will you own up to our engagement, face your people, and tell them down-right you're going to marry a poor soldier and be—?

GERTRUDE. Shabby ever after. Never, Bob. (*Firmly*.)

SIR ROBERT (*releasing her and staggering back against the sun-dial*). Never! Don't you love me after all?

GERTRUDE. After all and beyond all. But our lives, if I married you, would be wretched. We should build our house on a foundation of snow.

SIR ROBERT. A snow-man and a snow-woman in a snow-house. . . . (*Brokenly*.) Go on.

GERTRUDE. Then, when the thaw came, we should (*laughing*)—we should slither into slush together, Bob.

SIR ROBERT. But "together" is a word that would make up for much.

GERTRUDE. We could occasionally be together, Bob (*very softly*), even if I married Lord Lochlyn?

SIR ROBERT (*very quietly*). So you are going to marry him?

GERTRUDE. He knows I have no love to give. He takes me for what I am worth.

SIR ROBERT. In your own estimation, or in mine?

GERTRUDE. I don't understand you! (*Haughtily*.)

SIR ROBERT. Pardon me, you do. Accept my congratulations. Good-bye. (*He bows with studied politeness, and goes away with long, swift strides.*)

GERTRUDE (*bursting into tears*). Oh, Bob, come back, come back! (*The crunching of footsteps on the gravel and the clinking of spurs cease to be heard*)! No! I won't call him—I won't call him! He should have seen that I wasn't in earnest—that I was telling—

SIR ROBERT (*who has come back softly over the grass, reappearing at her elbow*). Fibs—?

GERTRUDE. To tease you. (*Throwing herself into his arms*.) Bob, darling, tell everyone we are engaged at once. I have refused Lord Lochlyn. . . . I wouldn't marry him if he were three millionaires rolled into one. Let people rave. I don't care!

SIR ROBERT. So the snow-woman has melted at last?

[GERTRUDE'S reply is inaudible, and the

CURTAIN FALLS.

In Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Life of Wellington" (reviewed in *Sketch* last week) occurs a note singularly apropos, and in a sense almost prophetic. Curiously enough, too, it refers to the old 61st (South Gloucestershire) Regiment, now the 2nd Gloucester, the 1st Battalion being the old 28th, who, with the Royal Irish Fusiliers, came to grief at Nicholson's Nek. It runs thus: "The 61st paraded in the morning [of Salamanca] with 27 officers and 420 soldiers. In the evening only 3 officers and 78 men were present; 24 officers and 342 soldiers were killed or wounded. It is worth reflecting whether our nerves to-day are strong enough to endure an announcement to similar effect in the morning papers. It were well, in such an event, that Parliament should not be in session." The manner in which the public has received the news of the several disasters may well reassure Sir Herbert; but perhaps it is as well Parliament is not sitting.

## WAR LITERATURE

That the book of the present day tends more and more to become "a bound newspaper" is abundantly proved by the huge increase of "topical" publications. As might be expected, the Transvaal War has called forth not only the hosts of swordsmen, but an exceeding great army of penmen, who seek not so much to write exhaustive and philosophic history as to elucidate this or that point of interest in our dealings with the Dutch farmers of the Cape. The spirit informing all these works is in its essence journalistic, and as journalism, for the most part, it must be judged. But many of the works have qualities not merely ephemeral which will render them in their place worthy enough materials for history.

*Place aux dames!* From among the somewhat formidable array of African books, one may choose one by a woman writer to begin with. "South African Recollections," by Mrs. Lionel Phillips (Longmans) possesses an interest that is for the most part domestic. Readers do not at this time of day require to be reminded that in the early days of 1896, those days so big with the surprise and consternation of Jameson's luckless Raid, Mr. Lionel Phillips was Chairman of the Johannesburg Reform Committee. It is of Mr. Phillips' personal sufferings, and, incidentally, of her own, that Mrs. Phillips writes, with the avowed object of setting on record, for her children's sake, all that their father did and suffered for the Reform Movement. Mrs. Phillips was in Brighton with her children during the last days of 1895, when she saw a telegram in the *Times* that led her to abandon a proposed visit to Italy, and to determine on an immediate return to Johannesburg. She went to Paris for her outfit, and while there heard the news of the Raid. The next two months brought her terrible suspense and torture. But these things are better read in the author's own words than reproduced in a review. The style is extremely simple and unadorned, but is admirably lucid, and, whatever the individual opinions or conclusions of the reader, he must always admire Mrs. Phillips' fortitude and devotion, which took her to her husband's side at Pretoria during his trial, condemnation, and imprisonment. Since Mrs. Phillips has chosen to tell us all, and has done so with such charming frankness, it may, perhaps, be an overstraining of delicacy to wish that the book had been reserved for the eyes of those to whom it is dedicated—her children. But, apart from the somewhat harrowing personal details, there are many incidental descriptions of South African life which are altogether pleasant; and for the illustrations one can have nothing but praise.

In a more strictly historical vein is the brochure, "The Transvaal Boers" (Horace Marshall), by "Africanus," whose pen has been busy lately in several magazines and journals, and whose present work is, in fact, an expansion of an article contributed to the *Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review* of last October. Written vigorously and with knowledge, the book affords an excellent conspectus of the events leading up to the war. The opening chapter deals with the origin of the Boers, and sketches the history of Cape Town from its foundation by Van Riebeeck in 1652. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 drove many French Huguenots to the Netherlands, and to two hundred of these the Dutch East India Company offered a home in South Africa. Thus the ancestry of the Boers is quite as much French as Dutch, as the perseverance of the names of Malan, Joubert, and Du Toit proves. There is also a German strain, as no less a name than that of Kruger makes abundantly manifest. From this account, "Africanus" leads us on to the story of the Voortrekkers and the early history of the South African Republic, and then to the war of 1881 and the subsequent two Conventions. On these last he writes suggestively. The prevailing note is a sane Imperialism. Readers will thank "Africanus" for focussing sharply that which many and diverse newspaper allusions had tended to befog.

In a lighter vein, for it is enlivened with many quaint anecdotes, though equally serious in intention, is "The Transvaal Boer Speaking for Himself," by C. N. T. du Plessis (Jarrold). The book was originally published last year at Pretoria and Amsterdam, and the present volume has been selected and translated by Mr. R. Acton, who writes with authority on all matters connected with the Netherlands. One of the drollest anecdotes is that of a little Boer girl who, when the Catechism question, "Who created the world?" was thundered at her by the schoolmaster, fell on her knees, weeping, and exclaimed, "It was I that did it, Meester; but I will never—no, never—do it again!"

In style lighter still, but withal very picturesque, Mr. Hamish Hendry tells once more the story of Majuba, Bronkerspruit, Ingogo, Laing's Nek, and Krugersdorp. Some indefinable quality in the account of the combat at Bronkerspruit seems to commend it as the best, but all the five are telling battle-pieces, and come with added interest in these days, when the story of Glencoe, of Eland's Laagte, and of Nicholson's Nek, the Modder, Stormberg, and the Tugela, with their varying fortunes, are fresh in our minds. Mr. Hendry succeeds in suggesting an explanation of the panic at Majuba, though he formulates no theory. But, as his reader follows the fight through the long hours while the Boers crept up and up, it is easy to realise the suspense that finally wore down even Thomas Atkins's stolidity and made him for once a craven.

## NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



FARMER (to SAM'L, whom he had seen come out of the public-house): I thought you promised me to be teetotal?  
 SAM'L: I'm no far frae 't noo, Sir; I pay for none!



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## "THE LIFE OF THACKERAY."\*

If there was one thing Thackeray hated more than he hated sentimentality, it was a biography. "Let there be none of this when I go," he said to his daughters, as he threw down the fulsome memoir he was reading. That is the reason perhaps no official Life has appeared of



THE MANAGER FROM LONDON.

From "The Life of Thackeray," By Lewis Melville. (London: Hutchinson and Co.)

him by any of his real intimates, if we except those tantalising glimpses which occur in the delightful correspondence of Mrs. Brookfield, and the still more delightful side-lights, throwing into relief now this side and now that of the man as he appeared to those who knew and loved him best, which have been given to us by the pen of his daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, that "dear old fat Annie" who, he assured Dean Hole, "can write ten times more cleverly than I!"

Yet here we have a charming book. In it the reader may behold, as in a panorama, the many Thackerays who went to make up William Makepeace Thackeray: Thackeray the man, Thackeray the writer, Thackeray the philosopher, Thackeray the "cynic," with the tear in his eye for the pain he could not stay; Thackeray the kindest of men, with his hand in his pocket for the help he could bestow; Thackeray the failure, Thackeray the success, Thackeray the poet, Thackeray the artist, Thackeray the friend, Thackeray and his contemporaries, Thackeray and himself, Thackeray as the world thought him, Thackeray as he knew himself to be.

The world of to-day is so accustomed to think of Thackeray as the brilliant author of "Vanity Fair," as the writer of the greatest novel in the language, "The History of Henry Esmond," the courted lecturer of the four Georges, the princely Editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, that it forgets the Thackeray who wanted to be an artist, and failed; the Thackeray who wanted to be a Member of Parliament, and failed; the Thackeray who, most of all, wanted to be a happy man, and failed.

It forgets the Thackeray who, as a schoolboy, was ignored, who left Cambridge without a degree, who was a student in the Middle Temple and never called to the Bar, the Thackeray who was the editor of a paper in which his fortune was invested and lost when the paper failed. It forgets the man who married for love and found his happiness clouded over by the ill-health of the wife he worshipped and the death of the child he adored.

Perhaps one of the chief reasons why this biography is so fascinating is because it deals with so fascinating a personality.

"If the secret history of books could be written, and the author's private thoughts noted down alongside of the story, how many insipid volumes would become interesting, and dull tales excite the reader!" Thackeray himself once wrote those words.

In that one sentence is crystallised the most penetrating, because the most unconscious, criticism of Thackeray's work. If ever a man

wrote himself into his books, that man was Thackeray. Arthur Pendennis is supposed popularly to embody his own experiences as a young man, as David Copperfield represented the early days of his great rival, Charles Dickens; but to those who know how to read between the lines, there is hardly a single page of any of his books in which he does not himself unconsciously appear. As Mr. Melville so truly says, not a single experience, hardly a single acquaintance, scarcely a single incident, but was turned to account in the pages to which he put his pen.

Strange irony of fate! Though Thackeray revealed himself so much in his work, no man revealed himself so little in his life. Few men so widely read have been so little understood—not only by the public who admired him, but by the acquaintances who called themselves his friends. His humour they called sarcasm; this warmest-hearted of men they misnamed "cold"; devoid of sympathy they stigmatised him, when he was sensitive to a degree.

Perhaps the people who knew him best were those strangely shrewd critics, the little children with their wonderful wisdom of instinct whom he loved so well—the children who with their innocent eyes pierced through the outer covering of his heart, which baffled the gaze of men, and saw the childlike soul within. Indeed, the chief characteristic—irony again—was the child-nature he retained as long as he lived. No more delicious picture can well be imagined than the one Mr. Fields, the publisher, gives of Thackeray in Paris just after the eclatant success of the first number of *Cornhill*: "A staid, grey-headed man of forty-nine, he had become a boy again who could not sleep 'for counting up the number of his subscribers.'"

Truly a charming book, and, as befits a charming book, it is illustrated charmingly by the hands which did not draw "quite so badly" as the reproducers wanted to make out. Compare the "Manager from London," with all its suggestion of the tawdriness of the theatre of those far-off days, with the suggestion of the refinement beneath the Bohemianism of the well-known scene of Master Pendennis himself in the Temple what time he was supposed to be reading law. Yet the same



PEN PURSUING HIS LAW STUDIES.

From "The Life of Thackeray," By Lewis Melville. (London: Hutchinson and Co.)

master-hand drew them both, and drew, besides, some character-studies which would not have disgraced the pencil of Leech, for whom he had so great an admiration.

Verily a charming book, a wreath of immortelles laid on a grave which will always remain green as long as the English language lasts, though the snows of Time be white above it.



MISS EVIE GREENE AS SHE CAPTIVATES LYRIC AUDIENCES IN "FLORODORA."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER

There are signs of upheaval in the publishing world both in America and in this country. The failure of the firm of Messrs. Harper and Brothers is more serious than had been supposed. But fresh blood and judicious management will probably restore the fortunes of this great publishing firm, with which is associated so much that is admirable in artistic production, notably in *Harper's Magazine*.

It is surprising also to learn that Mr. Doubleday and Mr. S. S. McClure have so soon parted company. It will be remembered that Mr. Doubleday was much with Mr. Kipling in his serious illness, and no doubt he will retain the popular author's books. Mr. S. S. McClure will build up a publishing business for himself, and will also start an illustrated review and a popular encyclopædia. For encyclopædias the demand is great in America, but the competition is very severe. I know of three firms that are committed to great and costly enterprises in this direction.

English authors may suffer a little from these changes, but there will always be plenty of room for good books in America, nor will the number of New York publishers be at all diminished. Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen have handed over their books to Mr. Heinemann, though they will still publish in other directions. They have been noted for the get-up and the literary quality of their books. Perhaps their most successful hit was Miss Beatrice Harraden's "Ships that Pass in the Night," the copyright of which they secured for a very moderate sum. Miss Harraden made her mark in this story.

I hear, by the way, that Miss Harraden has already planned and sold her next story—sold it, I mean, as far as serial rights are concerned. "The Fowler" has had a large sale both in Britain and in America.

Everybody has stories to tell of old Bernard Quaritch—of his indomitable energy, enterprise, and courage, and his quaint but not unpleasing eccentricities. He began humbly in Castle Street, Leicester Square. He would eat his dinner in the cellar below the shop, but he did not sleep there! In time, however, he realised his ambition fully, and became the first second-hand bookseller in the world. He was brusque in manner, and did not like to talk with ignoramuses or with persons who did not want to learn. But, if you had a definite question to ask him, he would answer frankly and kindly. Mr. Quaritch did not publish much, but his edition of Edward FitzGerald's works, which appeared in two volumes, is prized, and the story of his connection with the Omar translation is well known. I once talked with him about FitzGerald, but he had little to say beyond what has been already published.

It is noteworthy that the interest in FitzGerald's "Omar" is still as keen as ever. Even in this dull season, Messrs. Macmillan's fine new edition has gone off splendidly. Is this because the love for true poetry revives, or is it that the sympathy with the Omarian way of looking at things is growing?

I hear that a little book about FitzGerald, by one of his most intimate friends, is now to appear. It was kept back during the lifetime of Mrs. Edward FitzGerald.

Here is a little fable—a fabulous little fable perhaps. A. and B. and C. were friends and authors. A. and B. quarrelled. C. took no part in the quarrel, and died. A posthumous book by C. was published. A. said it was amongst the best things in the English language. B. said it was so bad that it should never have seen the light. C., being dead, said nothing.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's short biography of James Payn prefixed to the little collection of Essays published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., has been much praised, and, no doubt, deservedly. Still, one cannot help feeling that Payn's friends valued him more for his social qualities and his fine character than for his literary work. Many are too apt to think of Payn as a novelist only. He wrote some things that deserved to be called poetry; and he was a good judge of poetry, and a very capable and sympathetic critic. During the time he edited *Chambers's Journal*, the excellence of the poetical contributions was very marked. When he had the *Cornhill* he printed very little poetry, and never seemed to be quite sure of his ground. I am certain many would have welcomed a memoir, not too long, with a selection from his bright and kindly letters. It must be admitted that the letters would be hard to decipher; but, if the Hittite inscriptions have been deciphered, the thing should be possible, and Payn was much more interesting as a writer than the Hittites were.

Miss Rosaline Masson, a daughter of Professor Masson, the biographer of Milton, has published an Edinburgh story, "The Transgressors" (Hodder and Stoughton). The transgressors are the son and daughter of a widowed Judge, and they are well hit off. The son is weak, but his chief transgression is marrying a pretty little milliner in London who drops her "h's" and is deficient in intellectual power. She dies opportunely at the birth of her child, and an Edinburgh girl, evidently drawn from the life, takes the young man in hand—not, however, till he has begun to redeem himself. The girl is pretty but heartless, and is married in the end to an old dried-up lawyer. The charm of the book is in its intimate sketches of Edinburgh society. Miss Masson seems to know it in every phase, and hits off its characteristics with a sure and kindly hand.

O. O.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

BY ADRIAN ROSS.

A Happy New Year! It may be, or it may not. For many of us it cannot be much worse than the Old Year, and may, therefore, fairly be called better; for even if the old ills endure, we shall be the better able to bear them. Use and want soften hardships and lighten burdens. Byron's Prisoner of Chillon was almost sorry to quit his chains. To be sure, he had broken them, and his jailers had not mended them. And our New Year may be happy if we agree to regard it as such.

And, firstly, let us look on the bright side of things. If they have no bright side, let us make believe there is one. Everything depends on the point of view and the colour of our spectacles. If we have lost battles, let us think that, at any rate, our manner of losing them was impressive. If we are generally disliked, let us remember that, as poor Cyrano put it, hatred is a crown as well as a pillory. Envy is dashed with fear and respect. If our Generals and statesmen have blundered in battle and diplomacy, they can still gain prizes for tomatoes and orchids. Luck must turn; there has been a run on the black lately: it is time for the red (or rather, the khaki) to come up.

New Year's resolutions are proverbially futile; but one might compile a list for the benefit of various well-known people without, perhaps, trenching too much on the prerogative of the comic papers. We might, for instance, suggest to the German Emperor that Cæsar may be *super grammaticam* (especially German grammar, which is an evil beast), but is not *super chronologiam*. Great Britain may remember that Rome was not built in a day; and the Continent, that it took several centuries to ruin the Roman Empire.

## NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

President Kruger to call on Dr. Leyds at Brussels.  
Dr. Leyds to call on President Kruger at Pretoria.  
Captains of H.M. cruisers to call on both *en route*.  
The War Office to call on the Volunteers.  
Generals Buller, Methuen, &c., to call round at the back in future.  
Campbell to call on Bannerman and make it up.  
Mr. Stead to call a halt and call in a doctor.  
Colonel Plumer to call at Mafeking.  
Mr. Chamberlain *not* to call an understanding "alliance."  
General White to call on Long Tom early.  
French writers and artists to call a spade a spade and *not* an adjective shovel.

It generally turns out that when an Old Year has closed gloomily, the New Year brings gleams of good fortune. By the law of probabilities it should be so. There is no such thing as chance, but the result of unknown laws or imperfectly known conditions is chance to us, since we have not the knowledge or skill to predict it. But we know that, as a rule, good and bad, red and black, heads and tails, win and loss, come out tolerably even in a large number of instances. The thing is to be able to hold out against the bad till the good comes up. The successful man is not he who excludes "luck" from his calculations; he is the man who, while providing against all known dangers and for all likely needs, keeps a way open for chance to help him if it chooses. He invests the bulk of his fortune in gilt-edged securities, but puts a few hundreds into speculative possibilities. He leaves a margin for the Unknown, puts by for incalculable losses, illnesses, accidents, but also gives the fairies a loophole to enter with their gifts. The uncertainty of life and fortune is the chief thing that makes life worth living. The routine in which most of us are too much involved makes a man little better than a convict, or one of Mr. Wells's labour serfs in blue canvas.

The gambling temper is not an unmixed evil, if it is kept strictly under control. Every soldier must have some of it; the successful soldier has much, even when he is most careful in preparation. If only speculation could be kept in due bounds, it would be the very poetry of ordinary lives. A ticket in a foreign lottery loan, for instance—one of those bonds that give a small interest and a chance at a drawing of prizes—makes one potentially rich, or, at least, comfortably off, twice a year; and yet the chance is not enough to disappoint one when, as always, the prize goes elsewhere. Besides, another chance will come; and if that, too, fails, you can always sell the ticket for a little more than you gave for it. To risk one's necessary money is a crime; but to use one's superfluity in providing a window on Possibility is excusable, even praiseworthy. It gives the courage to strive onward to where the good luck may be waiting behind the hill-top.

And if it isn't there? Well, we have had the exercise, at any rate—and so a Happy New Year to us!

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor is always glad to consider interesting photographs, for which payment will be made at the usual rates. He would urge upon contributors the necessity of clearly indicating on the photographs themselves the subjects represented, with the name and address of the sender; it should also be stated whether the contributor wishes the photo to be returned. Whenever possible, full explanatory notes in manuscript should be sent, in addition to the details written on the photograph.

## THEATRE GOSSIP.

Very few of our younger opera-goers remember Marietta Piccolomini, but she was one of the most famous vocalists of her day. After a career of extraordinary brilliancy, she quitted the stage and became reduced in circumstances. When Mr. Lumley was Manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, Madame Piccolomini was for five seasons his chief "star." She was associated with the production of Verdi's "La Traviata" in 1856, and old opera-goers remember the heated discussions there were respecting the morality of that opera, the story being founded on "La Dame aux Camélias."



MADAME PICCOLOMINI.

Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of May 10, 1880.

For a time it was thought that the representation would not be permitted, but those who knew the music strongly protested against that decision. Marietta Piccolomini was born at Siena in 1834, and was descended from the noble Italian family of that name which has given a host of celebrities to their native land. A pupil of Romani, she made her début at Florence in Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia," then a popular work, but now quite forgotten. Three years later she appeared in "La Traviata" at Turin. She was

the original Violetta in Paris and London. She sang in a number of light-operas, and in 1858 Madame Piccolomini had great success in America. The once famous prima-donna died a few days since near Florence. To the last she was popular in aristocratic circles.

Owing to the heavy pressure on our space, I am compelled to treat most of the suburban holiday shows in a condensed form, and to give, as it were, a batch of pickings from these pantomimes. Thus, for example, one may say, as regards that ancient pantomime-house, the Surrey, that its "Goody Two Shoes" pantomime is, marvellous to relate, the *forty-sixth* consecutive work of the kind prepared by Messrs. George Conquest and Henry Spry, starting at the old Grecian, and thus forming a really historical record. Its principal "effect" is a wonderful Flying Ballet, constructed on electrical lines (or wires) by the aforesaid pantomime and acrobatic veteran, Mr. Conquest. This is undoubtedly one of the most surprising and enthralling features to be found in any of the many pantomimes now in London. The Surrey's latest also includes a very startling Volcanic Crater sensation, which is used for the swooping away of the Demon, or heavy villain.

To keep to the South of London for the nonce, one may next mention the "Puss in Boots" pantomime at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross. This contains two "principal boys," so to speak, namely, Jack (Miss Billee Barlow) and Prince Ferdinand (Miss Alice Oppitz). The first-named (and at present best-known of these handsome ladies) finds means during the proceedings to sing a specially prepared version of the lately revived song, "Only a Penny," which, thanks to a verse concerning the funds in aid of our Transvaal soldiers' widows and orphans, causes kind friends in front to lavishly pelt the fair singer with money for this good cause. In this pantomime will also be found not only a harlequinade of the real old-fashioned sort, but likewise a Real Giant, who owes nothing to stilts or any other "adventitious aids," as a certain class of reporters would say.

At the Kennington Theatre, the many-theatred Mr. Robert Arthur has produced a "Dick Whittington" pantomime which, although, singularly enough, it has no harlequinade, yet is a bright and merry show, the principal comic feature of which is the playing of a character entirely new to this popular legend—namely, Biz-Buz—drolly impersonated by Mr. R. H. Douglass. The chief picturesque effect in this is a splendid procession representative of all the Trades carried on in the City of London and its environs.

Perhaps by way of making up for what may be called (at this season of the year) the Kennington Theatre's "harlequinadelessness," the management of the not-far-away Brixton Theatre has tacked on some really hilarious Clown and Pantaloon scenes to the adaptation of the late Lewis Carroll's charming fairy-story, "Alice in Wonderland," now being played there twice daily, pending the coming thereto of the "Dick Whittington" pantomime from the new Terriss Theatre at Rotherhithe (or "Redriff," as it was wont to be called in the Olden Time). Another novel feature in connection with this brightly performed version of "Alice in Wonderland" is the introduction of imitations of sundry farmyard denizens, feathered and otherwise, and of popular actresses, respectively given by the Mad Hatter and the wondering and winsome Alice herself.

The Crown, Peckham, pantomime, "Cinderella," possesses sundry novelties not hitherto found in connection with this simple and straightforward legend. These novelties include quite a new kind of quick-changing "Prince" (played with incessant liveliness by Miss Marie Lloyd), a very comical card-playing scene, and a series of electrically lighted chariots bound for the ball whereat the heroine loses the slipper that subsequently wins her a husband. It may also be mentioned that Cinderella has something of a new departure, in that she pleads in song (and with success) for "Mrs. Tommy Atkins and the Kids."

Mr. Tommy Atkins figures in more ways than one in the "Sinbad the Sailor" pantomime at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Apart from a "special pleader" for him in the shape of a low-comedian, "Tommy" is the bright particular star of the transformation-scene. This is called "The Sons of the Empire," and what with its realistic pictures (living and otherwise) of our heroes drilling, embarking, and fighting, in and out of finely worked "Armoured Trains," the whole scene forms one of the most thrilling and patriotic sensations to be found in the latest London and suburban pantomimes.

At the Coronet, Notting Hill, "The Babes in the Wood" pantomime delights the youngsters with many a quaint device, including a wonderful Giant Head. This is called "The Gobbler," and its ostrich-like consumption of the most unlikely and most indigestible articles that could be imagined causes roars of laughter. Lovers of wonderful scenic and mechanical effects will find at the Coronet a really marvellous 20,000-gallon-per-minute cataract with real water.

A marvellous tart which, on being consumed, will throw the consumer into a seven years' slumber forms one of the leading features of the "Jack of Hearts" pantomime at the West London. Moreover, in order doubtless that the pantomime may (like the old-time Penny Showmen) "combine instruction with amusement," this pantomime shows in its transformation-scene how Jupiter used to hold his "Carnivals." By study of this, each native of Edgware Road and its purlieus may, so to speak, become, like the famous Jobling, a "classical scholar."

At the Grand, Islington, the pantomime deals with that famous, or rather, infamous, "long firm" known as "The Forty Thieves"—criminals who, in this case, are very properly drowned by the faithful Morgiana in "Low-Flash Oil," a proceeding which should delight our popular and always earnest half-penny, the *Star*. The two principal scenes in this represent respectively a wonderful array of beautiful Eastern lady-slaves for sale and "The World's Stamp Review," in which the stamps indicative of France and the Transvaal are very volcanically hooted by more or less kind friends in front.

The Britannia, in Hoxton, has, as is its custom, a pantomime constructed on original and somewhat melodramatic lines. At this house the pantomime has always to be as strong as the melodrama, which is changed there weekly. The newest pantomime there, "The Magic Moonstone," is no exception to the usual rule. Of course, it is, as hitherto, flecked, so to speak, with quaint and spectacular effects, such as a very strangely behaved House-boat, a Mighty Telescope, a Flying Ballet, and the Mountains of the Moon—a fine "set." Miss Topsy Sinden (late of Daly's) is the Britannia's "principal girl."

The Dalston pantomime, also a "Dick Whittington," has several special features, including a wonderfully comic "Slavey," played by that excellent comedienne, Miss Clara Jecks; the erewhile Lyceum "principal boy," Miss Alice Brookes; a group of Coster Acrobats, and a strange Lord Mayor, who, coming on as Mr. Kruger, suddenly transforms himself into a "Gentleman in Khaki" off to "hammer Paul."

Another "Dick Whittington" is found at the New Ealing Theatre,



MISS TOPSY SINDEN, "PRINCIPAL GIRL" IN THE BRITANNIA PANTOMIME, AND LATE OF DALY'S THEATRE.



where the name-part is played by Miss Millicent Marsden, formerly of the Lyric, in Shaftesbury Avenue. This piece possesses a very extraordinary ship called *The Merry Martha*, and a Demon Rat with a splendid baritone voice.

The "Cinderella" pantomime at the Standard, Shoreditch, has two novel characters, namely, Rags and Bones, and very popular they are.



MISS CISSIE CHAMBERLAIN, "PRINCIPAL GIRL" IN THE PANTOMIME AT THE STANDARD THEATRE, LONDON.

Photo by D'Arcy, Dublin.

So is Miss Cissie Chamberlain as the heroine. There is also a troupe of well-known witches, headed by La Belle Dame Shipton of prophetic memory. Perhaps the biggest feature in this merry show is a sort of tournament carried on by all sorts of fighting animals, from kangaroos to collie-dogs.

The patrons of the Alexandra, Stoke Newington, are supplied with a "Sinbad" pantomime, the best-acted and the most picturesque yet seen there, and including a Wondrous Palace of Gold and an Orange Grove, gorgeous enough to provide that Imaginary Home which Claude Melnotte said he longed to gain for his then unsuspecting bride Pauline. The Alexandra's "principal boy" is an American, Miss Lola Hawthorne to wit, but one of the "principal girls" is Miss Lydia Flopp, sister of Miss Letty Lind, and therefore quite English, you know.

There is also an American "principal boy" at the new Terriss Theatre, Rotherhithe, namely, the beautifully formed and rich-voiced Miss Julie Mackay, who contributes the big patriotic success of the evening by means of her clever song, "John Bull's Letters." These letters form a series of replies from foreign nations in response to the said J. B.'s Call to Arms.

The Elephant and Castle Theatre has quite a rollicking pantomime this year, its principal features comprising a highly popular mock Christy Minstrel show, and the singing, dancing, and reciting of a remarkable boy actor named Little Charlie Clarke. By the time he reaches man's estate this lad should be a good deal in demand.

Mr. Isaac Cohen's latest of his many pantomimes at the Pavilion, Mile End, is another "Dick Whittington," the chief comedian being the American droll, Mr. Edd Redway, who made his debut some time back at the Palace Theatre. Among the most popular scenic displays here is a beautiful Ballet of Birds, a representation of Wapping Old Stairs, and Whittington's City Palace—a most gorgeous affair, which so startles the above-named Mr. Redway and his fellow low-com., Mr. William Johnson (Idle Jack), that they are driven in their fright into a stage-box for refuge.

The Grand, Fulham, "Cinderella" is librettically the work of Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Arthur Sturgess, and musically of Mr. James M. Glover, and was therefore, doubtless, in a previous state of existence, not utterly unconnected with Drury Lane. But, of course, it has been made virtually new, and is perfectly up-to-date. Among the most

appreciated features in this are the wonderful performances of Dainez' Pony and Dog Circus, Mr. George Mudie's song, "Model England," and the lovely scene representing the Palace of Hymen.

At the Borough, Stratford, will be found yet another "Dick Whittington," which, having been written by Mr. Horace Lennard and provided with music by Mr. Oscar Barrett and the local orchestra-chief, Mr. Ben Barrow, is, of course, one of the best of the many Whittingtons around. Also of course, one is informed during the proceedings that "there's no longer room for obstructions like Oom in this Wide World." Then there is, too, a delightful Tangerine Dance.

And now—merely pointing out, *pro tem*, that the Clapham Shakespeare's production (the only "Robinson Crusoe" in the suburbs) has a splendid show of New South Wales Lancers and a wonderful Transvaal map, which excites profound excitement; that a really delightful children's "Babes in the Wood" pantomime is being given at the Royal Theatre of Varieties, Holborn, by the sons and daughters of leading variety artists; and that in the Kingston County Theatre's "Babes in the Wood" Mr. Peter Davey has again excelled himself—my little list of pickings from the pantomimes must cease till further notice.

Great disappointment and regret were manifested at Old Drury on Boxing Night when that delightful "principal boy," Miss Nellie Stewart, was unable to appear owing to sudden illness. Miss Mollie Lowell did excellent service for the absent lady, who is now, happily, getting well and strong again.

There are two eminently "catchy" turns at the Tivoli and the Alhambra which should not be missed. At the Tivoli, the wonderful Burmese Jugglers thoroughly deserve the applause, while at the Alhambra the tricks of the Ramblers defy description. At the same hall you will be delighted with Harrison Brockbank's singing of "The Absent-Minded Beggar," while the brilliancy of "The Soldiers of the Queen" is the finest display in London. Dancing is quite a speciality at the Tivoli, where Miss Kate Vaughan, so well known formerly at the Gaiety, dances like an angel, and Nellie Navette and "My Fancy" do step-dances in a marvellous fashion, while Mrs. Alice Shaw and her pretty daughters whistle divinely.

Englishmen will appreciate Sarah Bernhardt and Rose Caron for their independence in giving their support to Isidore de Lara in the concert he organised for the Soldiers' Widows and Orphans Fund at the Hôtel Ritz in Paris. They had no Press to support them, for the ill-chance of England lately has been hailed with satisfaction by every journal in



MISS MABEL NELSON, WHO PLAYS PRINCESS PRETTY L. IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," AT DRURY LANE.

Paris. And, as I scan down the list of the performers at the Pro-Boer concert at the Théâtre Marigny, I come across the names of artists who have made their fortune out of English halls, and some, I regret to say, could not deny that they were English born and bred.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 3, 5.3; Thursday, 5.4; Friday, 5.5; Saturday, 5.6; Sunday, 5.7; Monday, 5.8; Tuesday, 5.9.

Just a year has gone since I took possession of this page to say something week by week about the best of all sports, cycling. And the point of view from which I have written has not been from the apex of a specialist's pedestal. I don't fancy I have ever posed as being learned, and, if ever I have been dogmatic, it has been by accident, and not by intention. Every week I receive letters from all parts of the world—yesterday one arrived from Madras—telling me that these jottings are appreciated. For that I am glad. There are one or two things, of course, I have kept hammering at, and, though I met with stern opposition at first, public opinion has gradually altered, and reforms are in sight. A year ago, I believe, I was the only cyclist in England who openly advocated the registration and taxation of cycles. It was regarded as curious that anybody but a fossilised old curmudgeon who hated wheelmen could suggest so startling a proposition. And, oh, the rude things that were said about me—amusing, but still rude—by irresponsible scribblers! Yet what a change! Everybody one speaks to is now in favour of both taxation and registration; the governing bodies all over the country are discussing the matter and endeavouring to come to some agreement, and even the opposition is softening and invertebrate and mutters, "Registration! Yes, registration may just possibly be good, but taxation, no, never! At least, it would be very wicked." Yet in two years from this date registration and taxation will be general throughout the country.

Well, I have had to stick my pen into one or two other things. The nonsense about high gears and long cranks which raged at the beginning of the cycling season has high melted away. The blare of trumpets about acetylene-lamps is silent, and the lamps have long been thrown in the dust-bins. And then the free-wheel craze! When I declined to be enthusiastic over the free-wheel, manufacturers fired loads of their pamphlets into my letter-box. I was always ready to admit the fascination of the free-wheel, but I was sceptical as to the physical advantages. Then, when I hazarded the remark that the free-wheel "boom" was chiefly a maker's "boom"—a "boom" to induce people to part with their present machines and buy new ones—phew! but what letters I got! And yet I have had to live only a month to get corroboration of my opinion from men who have really better opportunities than I have of forming an opinion. Mr. R. L. Jefferson, who always takes a sensible view of things, wrote last week, "Candidly, I cannot but look upon the free-wheel as a fad"; and again, "The free-wheel 'boom' is a maker's 'boom,' and nothing else." I don't go quite so far as that; all I say is that the many advantages claimed do not exist. Yet nobody can say I am prejudiced. As a Christmas-present for a young lady in whom I take an interest, I bought the best free-wheel on the market; but, personally, I keep to my fixed gear.

The Cyclists' Touring Club has good reason to be satisfied with its increased membership during the past year. At the close of December 1898, the members on its books numbered 54,332, but at the end of the year just closed the number was 60,403. Of course, many of the old members did not renew their connection with the Club, so that, making up the deficiency so caused, the past year has shown an addition of 19,234 in membership. The gross income of the Club for the year was £18,700. There was, I remember, some talk in the spring of the year of presenting a testimonial to Mr. Shipton, the secretary; but, although the membership of the C.T.C. is so large, I rather think the majority of those belonging to it have no particular enthusiasm either for the Club or for the officials who run it. So the idea fell through. Mr. Shipton should now strive towards reaching a hundred thousand members, and then another proposal might be mooted of presenting him with a hundred thousand shillings. That's the usual plan nowadays.

Congratulations cannot be offered to the National Cycling Union on its financial position. Indeed, it has been an open secret that its financial affairs have been looked after in anything but a business-like way. On Jan. 13, however, there is to be a meeting of the Council, and a proposal will then be made that the monetary arrangements of the Union be revised and placed on a different basis, a proper set of books kept at the Union offices, and a Finance Committee, with full power to act under the General Committee, appointed. It will be interesting to have a definite statement as to how the Union really stands, for it strikes an outsider as curious that, while the C.T.C., with its enormous expenses, can have a big balance at the bank, the N.C.U. has only a hand-to-mouth existence.

Pouring oil on troubled waters has for centuries had a good reputation. The adage may now be altered into pouring oil on the dusty roads! It was only last year the discovery was made that there was nothing like oil to lay dust—that, indeed, it will make the road pleasant, elastic, free from grit, and the cost in the end really cheaper than the use of water-carts in the dry season. Experiments have been made in far-off California over long stretches of road. It has been found that, where the road had hard, even foundations, but with about two inches of dust on the surface, the oil was a complete success, giving a top as clear and clean as an asphalted street. On the soil of clayey or rutty ground, the oil will maintain the hard character of the ground and prevent deterioration by resisting the formation of mud.

Only on roads of deep, loose sand has the oil given little benefit. It takes one hundred barrels of oil per mile, spread over an area of eighteen feet in width. The oil is applied when hot, and a special machine has been devised which sprinkles the roadway evenly and carefully. From £40 to £50 per mile is the cost of keeping a road in repair, but it is expected that only one saturation will be needed during three or four years. There will be no dust; the oil throws off the water in bad weather, and so prevents it being made muddy, and the expense, as I have said, is rather less than watering. It would be good if we could have some experiments in our own country.

There is hardly the amount of fraternity between cycling clubs that one might naturally expect to exist. It is amusing sometimes, when one is out along the country roads, to see the contempt one club shows another when passing. To put things straight, there should be an exchange of courtesy between clubs in the same town. For instance, it would be excellent if a billiard handicap were arranged by secretaries of various clubs, and strictly limited to members. Most cyclists are billiard-players, and this would give them an opportunity of making fresh acquaintances. Besides, as this is the season for smoking concerts, it would be kindly if the clubs in one district were to invite the other clubs to come and spend an evening with them.

A scheme is on foot to raise a company of a hundred cyclists for service in South Africa. Major Charles E. Liles has approached the War Office urging that such a company would be exceedingly useful in patrol and scout work, and would be able to carry despatches much quicker than at the present time. The Cyclist Volunteers in London are enthusiastic.

Bicycle-knee is the latest cycling disease to which medical men are turning their attention. I have never suffered from it myself, nor, indeed, have I met anyone who has, but, according to the medical papers, quite a number of people are afflicted. It is a pain something like gout, that affects the leg just above the knee, and comes on gradually. It is usually felt after a ride is finished. The cause is, naturally, excessive cycling, probably by people who have not taken to the pastime till they were well on in years, and have muscles fairly set. I do not, however, advocate the riding of bicycles by very young children. One of the most distressing things in London is to see small boys and girls struggling along on bicycles that are much too large for them. Their muscles are overstrained—the youngsters, priding themselves in their powers, think nothing of exerting themselves much beyond their physical strength. Indeed, even with a bicycle of proper size, children should only be allowed to ride occasionally, for wheeling undoubtedly gives great exercise to one set of muscles, and in no way helps the others.

This past week letters have reached me from the interior of China, where the bicycle is growing in favour, though the roads are as bad as they have been these ten thousand years. Wherever two or three Englishmen gather, there also are to be found bicycles. And the Chinese themselves, though disliking most evidences of Western civilisation, take quite gleefully to the bicycle, or *tze-hsing-che* (self-going cart), as they call it. On the Maloo at Shanghai I have seen Chinamen riding as well as the newspaper-boys do in the Strand.

The donkey or a jibbing steed was formerly the subject of much mirth when introduced upon the pantomime stage. The days of the steed and the ass have gone, and their place is taken by the cycle. There has hardly been a melodrama produced within the last two years in which the skittish, frivolous young damsel of the piece did not appear on a bicycle. I am told that bicycles will figure very largely in the coming pantomimes. But how is it, I would like to ask, that only fools and vulgar misses are the characters that ever ride stage bicycles?

If your hands get cold when cycling, adopt fingerless gloves—that is, gloves with just one bag to hold the four fingers and a separate one for the thumb, rather like the gloves small babies wear. These are warmer than the ordinary gloves.

J. F. F.

## AN INCIDENT IN THE TRAIN.

General Sir William Olpherts' publicly expressed appreciation of the devotion of the Indian dhoolie-bearers at the Seat of War reminds me (writes a correspondent) of an amusing incident, of which I was a witness, the other evening in a London suburban train, the *dramatis personæ* being a couple of labourers and a venerable but still keenly active old gentleman, now verging upon his eightieth year. One of the former, it seems, had a brother in the 17th Lancers, and although neither was unduly depressed so far as the efforts of Bacchus were concerned, the view taken of the military situation in South Africa was anything but rosy. This was too much for the little old gentleman in the corner, who, clenching his fist, exclaimed, with an emphasis that drew forth a remonstrance from the adjoining compartment, "I care not a damn how many nations come against us! We'll fight them all! I'm not a man of a bloodthirsty nature, but we'll hold our own against all comers!" But the horny-handed sons of toil were unconvinced. Possibly their belief in a speedy triumph for the British arms might have been assisted had they known that the fiery little man with whom they had been arguing was no other than General Sir William Olpherts, K.C.B., known throughout the Army as "Hell-fire Jack," who received his Victoria Cross for one of the most daring acts of valour in the whole of the Indian Mutiny.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

The death of the Duke of Westminster caused a painful sensation in the Turf world, where His Grace was highly respected and often pointed to as the pattern of what a noble owner should be. His Grace was no narrow-minded bigot. He would on the one day preside over a



EATON HALL, THE CHESHIRE SEAT OF THE LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

philanthropic meeting that may have been called for the purpose of raising funds for the rebuilding of a church. On the next day he would go to Epsom to see, say, Ormonde win the Derby. John Porter and M. Cannon have lost a good master, and the Turf a patron of the highest order. The Duke did not bet, but he saw no objection to any man having his little bit on if he thought he would. As a young man, His Grace rode to hounds as straight as the crow flies, and he was a capital judge of horseflesh. His winnings on the Turf amounted in all to £340,000, but it was as a breeder of racehorses that the Duke of Westminster was such a tower of strength to the Turf. He gave £14,000 for Doncaster—a sensational purchase at the time. His Grace was blamed for having sold Ormonde to go out of the country, but history showed his judgment to have been right.

The Duke worked strictly according to rule. He always argued that it cost just as much to keep a bad horse as it did a good one, so all the bad ones had to go. His Grace was always very partial to the Goodwood Meeting, and it was one of the items of the day's outing to get a glimpse of the little group composed of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of Richmond, Westminster, Portland, and Devonshire talking together on the Goodwood House Stand. The new Duke is a good sportsman, and I expect he will have a huge stud of horses under John Porter's charge. I presume the present stud will have to be sold, and the buyer of Flying Fox will have to pay a high price for his bargain. Sir Blundell Maple, who had a very bad bargain in Common, is the only breeder I know of who is likely to give anything like fair value for Flying Fox. Of course, all the nominations made for the horse in the name of the late Duke are void.

The Duke of Westminster died at the house of his relative, the Earl of Shaftesbury, at Cranborne. It is not generally known that the "good" Earl of Shaftesbury made something out of racing, although he did not believe in it. He was William Day's landlord when William trained a long string of horses at Woodyates. The Duke of Norfolk, who lives on the border of Goodwood, has never attended the Ducal Meeting but once, and, indeed, he takes no interest whatever in the Sport of Kings. Yet His Grace owns one of the most compact training establishments in the country. It is situated at Findon, and is occupied by Halsey, who turns out some good winners for Mr. J. A. Miller. The downs are second only to those at Manton for training long-distance horses, and it was here that the late William Goater prepared Don Juan and Primrose Day for their Cesarewitch victories.

We want Stewards to act at meetings under National Hunt Rules having eyes that can see and ears that can hear. Some of the form displayed is, to say the least of it, open to question, and, if rumour does not lie, several of the jockeys are not above making a bit. I was recently told of a case where a jockey, riding a fairly backed favourite in a certain race, had his own money down on another horse, and, it is almost needless to add, the latter won, and very comfortably too. I also heard of another jockey who ventured to suggest that his horse could be held harmless for a consideration; but I should add that the horse on his merits had no possible chance, so here is another dodge for making money. The Stewards, or rather, I should say, the majority of the Stewards who act, are above suspicion, but they are not seemingly

sufficiently alive to the Heathen Chinee tricks which are supposed to be practised day by day. We want a paid official to act as detective and bring the culprits to justice.

I am afraid we shall get a very dull opening to the Flat-Race Season of 1900. The war has upset all racing arrangements, and until the Transvaal affair is over and done for matters on the Turf will be of the tamest possible description. Those having money invested in racecourse companies must prepare themselves for lower dividends, although, as I have before mentioned, club members can be relied upon to keep up their subscriptions; but the entries of horses will, I am afraid, show a great falling off, and the sales are not likely to be so productive as they were in 1899. Already the bookmakers are complaining of a great lack of customers, and many members of the laying fraternity will be qualified for exemption from income-tax next year. Further, we have received big support of late from the South African millionaires, who have entered their horses freely, but many of them may decline racing in the near future.

I have noticed one or two of the bookmakers wearing wooden clogs over their boots when doing business in Tattersall's Ring of late. This is a capital idea, and one that might easily be utilised to get rid of the stool nuisance, which is still allowed at some of the suburban meetings. The law says that a bookmaker must not shout the odds while standing on a stool, but there is nothing to prevent a layer from putting on clogs a foot thick. Indeed, the late William Shea wore clogs quite four inches thick at the sole. But I am not agitating for the elevation of the bookmaker. I am only trying to keep him free of colds, rheumatism, and influenza. The racecourse companies might easily keep a supply of clogs in stock, and let them out on hire. I am sure the bookmakers would appreciate the boon, and, once having used the clogs, they would never leave them off when doing duty during the winter months. Clogs, too, would be useful to those people having to travel about in the paddock.

The dread word "postponement" has crossed our path too often this winter, but man only proposes, after all. A suggestion is to be made by one of the members of the National Hunt Committee that no meeting shall be postponed. In other words, it must be carried through on the original dates, or be abandoned. I cannot, off-hand, commit myself to a definite opinion on so drastic a measure, but I must say that, first-hand, it commends itself to all sensible sportsmen. We have had a taste of postponed meetings of late. These do not provide money's worth to the



THE LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER AND HIS FAMOUS RACEHORSE, FLYING FOX.

paying public, and this argument is one that could be made to tell when the question arrives at the thrashing-out stage. Clerks of Courses have their remedy in insurance, but the poor refreshment contractors would lose by the change unless they, too, could manage to get a policy from the underwriters.

CAPTAIN COE.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FINE FEATHERS.

January—wind-driven, sleet-pelted, snow-blinded, and generally ill-used by the atmospheric powers that be—is perhaps the most comfortless month of the whole twelve from several points of view. The baked meats of festive Christmas are put back into the past, and naught



A SEASONABLE COAT-AND-SKIRT.

remains of that over-catered-for period but the aftermath of physical ill-being. The tradespeople, who, no doubt, are also entertaining a bilious vision of existence, shower disagreeable sum-totals on our devoted heads by every post, while the persistent gloom of winter seems to roll its interminable promise of dripping days far away into a city of dreadful night—and more particularly day—which is calculated to depress the most optimistic constitution that woman was ever blessed with. There are only two classes of the community who, in my deeply experienced judgment, can ever be said to enjoy melancholy January, and they are that limited section who stay in England to break cover and those who go out of it to bask in Southern sunshine. For those who hunt, there is only one fly in the amber of winter at home, and that the occasional visits of their hereditary foe and spoil-sport, Jack Frost; and for the others, the yellow sunshine of the days and the purple nights of the Riviera—not forgetting the emerald-cloth tables—offer a variety of atonements for the unpleasant fact of existence which may well induce them to begin the calendar year in a contented frame of thought. The large majority are not, however, in such pleasant case—very much other so indeed!—and But (with a large B) for the solace and dissipation offered by the January Sales to the gambling instincts of lovely woman, what, one asks, would be left to support life throughout the dreary, rain-soaked inertia of these early weeks that crowd mournfully about the cradle of the new-born year? That the said sale-time largely redeems the mournful lot of stay-at-homes goes, however, without saying. Nothing more appeals to utilitarian femininity than the annexation of useless objects—which may appear paradoxical, but is in reality an

unconquerable truth. And the argument may be worked out like this: We dissolve into raptures, and make haste to purchase “odd lengths,” “remnants,” and other flotsam of the shopkeeper’s season, knowing in our nethermost souls that we have no actual place for them, and that they will fit nowhere into the mosaic of our present equipment. But is there not always the faint yet ardent hope that the opportunity for “using up” these stray morsels of finery will present itself? And, after all, one whispers to reproachful common sense, they were so irresistibly and absurdly cheap.

We women are, in fact, all more or less Dianas by nature, and, if we are not engaged in pursuing the little red fox, or in the still more engrossing sport of annexing husbands for ourselves or our daughters, we occupy ourselves with even the lesser quarry of chasing “oddments” in furbelows when January and July set up their altars of sacrifice in the shops. If any mere man doubts the deadly earnest, moreover, with which the fairest member of her sex engages in these combats of chiffons, let him take his stand outside one of the big booths where such war-paint is retailed, and watch for himself the gladiatorial skirmishes which occur on the first mornings of the month. Not long since, a well-known firm in Bond Street advertised a forthcoming sale. Not only were its doors besieged by an eager queue of buyers even before they were opened to the public, but in the enthusiasm of their entrance several women had their mantles literally torn from their backs while winning a way to the counters where the desired of their eyes were exposed for sale; and yet, as this excellent tradesman himself naïvely added when speaking of his Waterloo to a customer of the masculine gender shortly



A COAT OF MOUSSELINE-DE-SOIE, LINED ERMINE.

afterwards, “And yet, I assure you, sir, most of these ladies were ladies.” Could Balzac himself have said anything more subtly descriptive of the sex?

Coming back to the actual facts of fashion meanwhile, although January is not the month *par excellence* of new departures, seeing that spring is already promised in marriage to the mode for which elaborate



preparations are to be shortly commenced, yet there are always certain novelties being brought out by the couturières, who artfully contrive, as a rule, to tickle the palate of the Eternal Feminine even with a *demi-saison* departure in "hautes nouveautés."

Whole gowns made of velvet and cut in the "Princess" manner, having three or four flounces edged with satin or taffetas, are a favourite form of outdoor winter-garb. Comtesse d'Haussonville, always a mirror of sartorial form, was the first to wear a Worth gown trimmed in this once favourite manner, and since then the black or dark velvet paletot-gown has had a vogue of its own with fashionable Parisiennes.

Already the tightly moulded gown of our recent fervent affections shows signs of approaching decadence. The innovating dressmaker began inserting the thin end of her wedge by insinuating a couple of quite narrow pleats at the back. Improving on this slight swing of the pendulum, makers of the mode have enlarged on their ideas by introducing a pleated skirt, which, though in no way similar to those of some seasons back, and preserving the shapely form of present fashion, yet is a distinct step in the direction of loosely flowing skirts once more. Tiny pleats begin at the waist and widen towards the foot, leaving the hips quite tightly covered, but forming a little apron in front. At the back, one larger pleat, with two small set on each side, gives a certain



A SMART SEAL COAT.

[Copyright.]

undeniable elegance to the trained skirt; and the style, one may add, already finds many supporters, more especially amongst the rotund, who suffered from a severe strain, both mental and material, while the past all-pervading tightness held its own.

Many of the best dressmakers are willing to admit that they have never before received such enormous prices for their masterpieces as during these past and present winter months. The reason lies chiefly in the great popularity of expensive furs, which have been put everywhere and on everything to an extent unheard of before. Not only have the collars and revers of cloth and velvet gowns been covered with such costly skins as sable, mink, broadtail, and ermine, but the seams of many dresses have been strapped with narrow lines of fur, a fashion which, of course, adds enormously to the labour and cost of production; while not alone have lace tunics, satin-embroidered fronts, tulle cravats, and other charming flimsinesses of our attire been edged with dainty bands of sable or marten, but this order has been also reversed in the whimsicality of fashion's freaks, and in the newest mantles, jackets, and gowns the application of rich cream lace stitched on to the shining surfaces of fur with which they are trimmed is a favourite and extravagant mode of embellishment at the moment. A most lovely gown of Neapolitan-violet face-cloth, with wide revers and vest of chinchilla, had, for instance, cut-out applications of ivory guipure lace laid on the fur and sewn over with tiny points of flashing paste; bands of the fur trimmed tunic and edge of skirt, while the

chinchilla muff was appliqué with lace in the same manner, and a violet velvet toque was decorated on the crown with narrow lines of the fur sewn on in a pattern to resemble that of the guipure. All this seems somewhat painting the lily, perhaps; yet it is attention to detail that sets the seal of excellence as well as elegance on a woman's external "altogether," as he who runs may read, and unless one wishes to be merely looked at from a distance, like a New English Art Club picture, which is, doubtless, never meant to charm at close quarters, one must enter discreetly into the matter of those well-considered atoms which go to the rendering of a delightful whole.

Besides the many-sided aspect of her wardrobe, a well-groomed woman of the present time generally owns a portentous jewel-case, such, indeed, as might well have made her grandmother stare could she revisit glimpses of these modern moons. To her modest and deeply cherished handful of lockets and hair-bracelets and thin gold chains and cameo brooches, her gorgeously arrayed descendant can produce diamond tiaras, pearl collars, jewel-studded combs, corsage ornaments, rings, brooches, ear-rings, and goodness knows what besides, with which she dazzles her particular circle. Formerly such superfine belongings were only to be met with amongst the really great, to whom they descended as heirlooms; now every successful tradesman's wife has her "safe" ensconced in her dressing-room. The *bon mot* of a recently put-on play, in fact, sums up the situation exactly, which says, "Good Society went out when South African gold-mines came in." Meanwhile, in the great amalgamation of classes and masses which has followed this influx of wealth, the battle is decidedly to the strong, for while many a newly rich lady goes bravely in "pearls of great price," the less prosperous well-born are, in many instances, too glad to avail of the admirable and most artistic reproductions which modern science and skill have placed within their reach. Take, for example, the really splendid jewels that are constantly being produced by the Parisian Diamond Company, which not only rival the costly wares of jewellers, but in many instances excel them in their beauty and perfection of design. Experts have been deceived in comparing the pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company with real gems, and the great ropes of these gleaming beads or the diamond-clasped collars for which they are so celebrated are possessions which any woman, whatever her station, may be pleased and proud to own. Ear-rings, which have become so universally adopted of late by the well-dressed and smart section of Society, are being made a speciality by the company, and these really beautiful jewels never show to greater advantage than when mounted in this way.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

M. L. S. (Cirencester).—Have you tried Amiral Soap? If not, do so. It is the safest and most effectual cure for obesity. SYBIL.

#### AFTER VILLON.

(LONGO INTERVALLO.)

The Wind is gone to South again,  
But yesterday it veered to West;  
The Gailic bird upon the vane  
Warms in the sun his gold-sealed breast.  
'Tis good for rheum and chills i' the chest  
Between these points to waver and veer,  
For babes in arms and birds in the nest.  
But—where are the snows o' yesteryear?

The hardy skater sees with pain  
His skates a-rust, his hopes a jest;  
The dimpled lake hath never a stain.  
How long since homeless, dispossessed,  
With drooping feathers and sullen crest,  
Where reeds stand stiff by river and mere,  
The water-fowl was the white land's guest?  
But—where are the snows o' yesteryear?

The birds begin to sing amain,  
In green favours the hedge is drest;  
The new grass springs on hill and plain,  
Rogue Robin's doffing his winter vest.  
He's off, away on his lover's quest  
Of a house to suit himself and his dear;  
The blackbird's note has a happy zest.  
But—where are the snows o' yesteryear?

ENVOI.

The season's out of her mind confessed;  
Old Year's but ended and New Year's here,  
And Spring's the girl that I love the best.  
But—where are the snows o' yesteryear?

KATHARINE TYNAN.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 10.*

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE POSITION.

The terrors of the unknown are generally worse than the reality, and never has this been more evident than when applied to the last Settlement. Fortunately, the heavy drop came at the beginning of the Account, and there was plenty of time to prepare for the expected crisis, so that many heavy accounts were arranged; but, even so, the list of failures has been bad enough in all conscience. We have the greatest sympathy with the unfortunate brokers whose clients cannot find their differences, and who, from no fault of their own, get hammered, and we know that there are a large number of people in this position at the end of 1899. The truth of the matter is that every little punter thought the Transvaal War was to be a mere walk-over, and bought far more than he could pay for in consequence, with the result that no end of unfortunate House men find that clients who can meet, and hitherto always have met, differences of a hundred or two, are unable to pay the big sums required by reason of our recent defeats, and hence the large number of failures. Fortunately, the big people in trouble have been helped over the stile. That there were some big ones in deep water is well known, and but for the assistance of the Rothschilds, there would have been at least one important default.

Gossip has been busy over the mysterious movements in Lake View Consols, which have been the wonder of the Mining Market for the last three months, and, if what insiders are whispering be true, both the rise to 28 and the subsequent fall to the present level of 12½ have been the result of a very pretty battle between those one-time allies and now deadly enemies, Mr. Whitaker Wright and Mr. Charles Kaufman. To repeat the details of the commonly believed story is out of the question in view of the law of libel and the impossibility of proving the truth of what the world is saying; but it is betraying no secret to state that Mr. Kaufman is supposed to have endeavoured to obtain control of the property and to have failed. How

the directors explain the fact that, with the manager in this country and at their very elbow, they did not know of the coming drop in the output, we have not yet heard. That a full explanation is due to the shareholders nobody can deny.

## MONEY AND THE PRICE OF STOCKS.

The 6 per cent. Bank Rate and the exertions which have been made to attract gold have produced such effect that there appears every prospect of the Money Market becoming easier, although we do not suggest the official minimum is likely for the present to be reduced; but, with abnormally active trade, no gold from Africa, and the war drain looking as if it might last a good many months, "cheap" money is quite out of the question. In our opinion, the price of money is not going to be nearly such an active factor in the course of events on the Stock Exchange as the progress and prospects of the war. If our Generals could obtain such a success as would make the end of hostilities appear within reasonable distance, prices would advance all along the line, and dealing in stocks and shares at present is very like gambling on War-news.

To buy and hold, we think the securities of several Argentine and Mexican Railway Companies present considerable attractions, and some of the Yankee Roads also look as if they may give a good return, while our Shipping Companies must be making large profits with so much transport work about; but these things are not of the sort to gamble in. As to African Mines, there may be money in buying to sell again on a British victory; but don't forget that, if it is a defeat, you will lose quite as much as you stand to make the other way, while, as to buying for a lock-up, we can see no point about it. Heaven alone knows when the mines may be money-earning again, or in what state they will be when the war is over. As likely as not, it may be two or three years before dividends can be resumed.

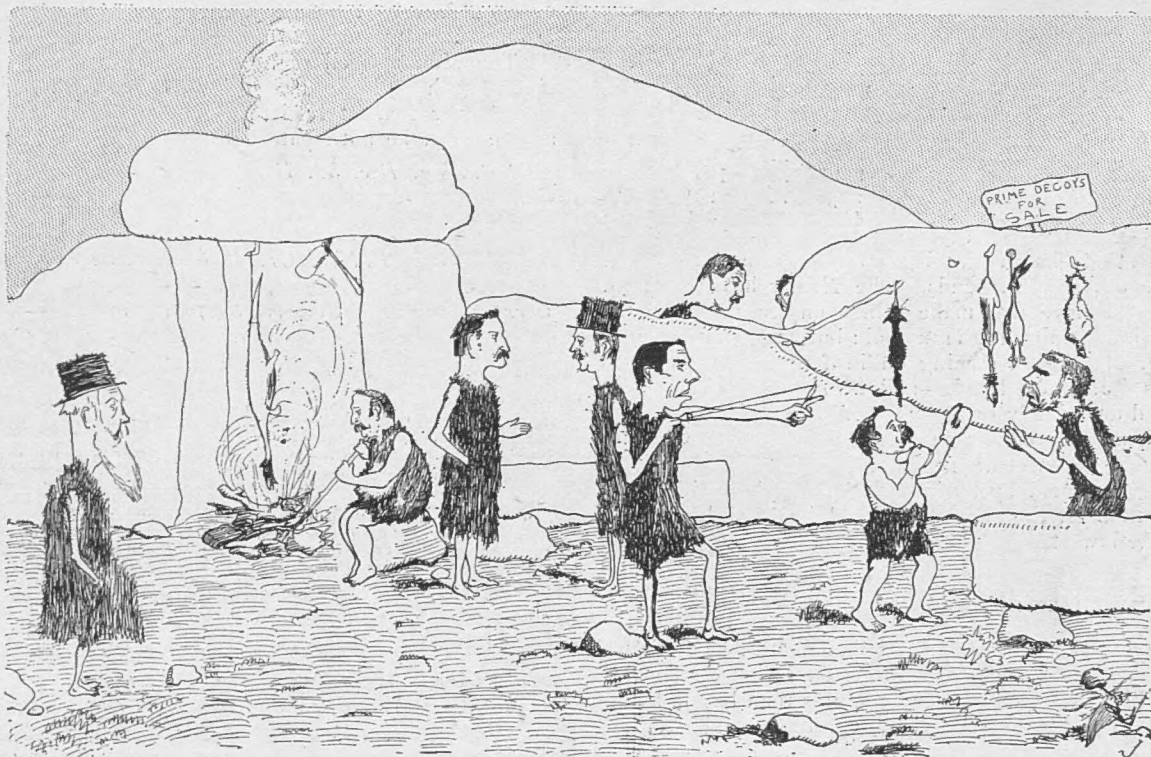
## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

Although House men told one another that they couldn't wish their friends A Merry Christmas, there was no lack of Prosperous New Years among the greetings to-day. And they were not the regular, perfunctory sort of things either. "I hope, old chap, that this will be a Prosperous New Year" was the tone most in vogue, as the speaker looked with intense solemnity through the windows of his friend's soul. Ah well, it hasn't been such a bad old year, after all; the early part, at all events, saw the commission columns in the brokers' ledgers fill up at a galloping pace, while the "P and L" accounts of the jobbers swelled visibly. Perhaps the most neglected markets have been those devoted to investment stocks. Home Railway jobbers—especially those in the Heavy Brigade and the gilt-edged section—made but small interest upon their capital. They had their turn, or perhaps, it would be more appropriate to say their turns, two years ago, and, of course, it isn't good for even jobbers to have all they want. The Mining Markets have done splendidly so far as making money over legitimate business is concerned. Where Stock Exchange men have been hardly hit is over their own speculations for one thing, and over clients' gambles for another.

But let us leave 1899 to bury itself in the limbo of a dishonoured past, which ought to have been very profitable, but failed at the last lap to maintain the pace. Let it be relegated to the realms of ancient history, to the prehistoric times—Ah! that reminds me. "The Prehistoric Kitchen," I am told, is the title of our cartoon this week. The Kitchen is that part of the Consol Market where abound some of the choicest spirits that can be found in the House. The stranger sauntering up to the Chapel Court entrance of the Stock Exchange, and casting a look through the doors on the right-hand side, may catch a glimpse of The Kitchen and its cooks. In that little square are prepared more plots, staler jokes, fantasticker festivities, than in any other part of the House. Our friend of the gun, I must remark, is as keen a sportsman as can be found within the House, but, sad to relate, he is afflicted with shortness of sight. When he goes a-duck-shooting, they say, the wicked Kitcheners, that he hits more decoys than—but tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon.

High are the hopes that cluster already round the brow of the youthful Nineteen Hundred. Consols shall no more see par, we are told, for is not money going to become cheap, and Home Rails to chortle for joy? The Yankee Market shall, so the prophets say, leap like the rocket (it is best not to pursue that simile too far, my friends), and Kaffirs are going to something a good deal better than merely Peace prices. All this is to come between now and Easter. Fain would I see it so, but, if I read the markets rightly, there is much tribulation to be passed through before we come to the devoutly - to - be-desired consummation—the bulls' Millennium. Money cannot get cheaper for some



CHRISTMAS IN THE PREHISTORIC KITCHEN.

time to come. Happily, the situation in New York is bettering, but the Bank of France is not likely to reduce her rate, me-fears, until the Transvaal War comes within sight of finishing. Until she budges, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street must maintain the 6 per cent. minimum that was fixed on the last day of November, and Consols will not be worth the buying over par. Investment stocks, following the Funds, must still longer languish in their lassitude, and, as for Kaffirs, who can say when Buller and "Bobs" and Khartoum shall play nap in the Government House at Pretoria?

Three months is the shortest time I have heard mentioned as the period when war shall be no more—in the Transvaal; but some men say six, and some a year. Who knows? It may be over by Easter; but, even if it is, and the Boers are beaten as soundly as they deserve, perhaps, to be, the Kaffir Market will not—cannot—for a weary time settle down into steady-going strength founded upon good crushings and good dividends. The folks who say that Westralia's turn shall come first in the speculator's world would have some ground for their assurance were it not for the inherent rottenness of that wicked, rigged market. Boulder South at 2 are said in the House to be very cheap, and Ivanhoes, spite of their parentage, are worth attention at their present price of 14.

It is a crying shame that certain money-brokers in the House should be successfully making huge rates out of contangoes at the expense of the small jobber, who must either pay what is demanded or else decline to carry-over for his brokers when they come to him, which, of course, means an almost certain loss of their business in future. One firm I know of who laid out over a quarter of a million of money on the day preceding the last Mining contango-day, and had the Isaac Gordon cheek to charge 14 per cent. This was not on the contango-day proper, but on the day before, when the position of the Account was unrevealed, and, for aught the jobbers knew, rates on their shares might really turn to a small back, instead of a contango. But the people in question said that the carry-overs must be done then and there, and at 14 per cent., or they would not take in shares at all. The consequence was that when, in the fixing of rates, it was discovered that 10 to 12 per cent. was the proper rate, these junior jobbers had to pay 14 per cent., while they could charge their broker only 11½ or 12 per cent. at the outside. This I know as a fact—I don't want it to be thought that it is written in any spirit of vaggery.

The Miscellaneous Market is gradually waking up to some sense of its latent possibilities, and once more the bones of Liptons, Salmons, Lyons, and Cotton shares are shaking themselves together. Any of the first three which are bought



now will show a profit within the next six months, but for a reasonable rise within a short time I look to Vickers as affording the most hope. The price as I write is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  ex rights, and the company is naturally benefitting largely from the war. The shares have been knocked down, very unreasonably it seems to me, owing to the scare over dear money, and because a good many shares were put on the market by people who had to realise something in order to pay their differences in other markets. These are the principal reasons which commended themselves to me as worthy backing to a small extent at a thirty-second under £5, since when the price has gone up a little, but not so much as it appears that it may be fairly hoped to do.

A member of the House, whose name stampeding mules shall not drag from me, was very anxious to see Mrs. Langtry in "The Degenerates." He resolved to defer the treat until Christmastide, and spent weeks of anticipatory pleasure. The Christmas week dawned, and, his long discipline over, he joyfully wrote to the Garrick Theatre for two stall-tickets. The envelope he expected came at last, and he slowly opened it without a penknife the longer to enjoy the sweet delights of anticipation. 'Twas well he did, for, as he pulled those tickets out, instead of "The Degenerates," there appeared the infantile phrase, "Puss in Boots," and he actually went!

That his readers may live as long as they want, and never want a Prosperous New Year as long as ever they live, is the very sincere wish of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### THE FOREIGN MARKET.

Foreign stocks are beginning to recover from the effect of dear money quicker than any in the Stock Exchange, and the market is receiving a little outside attention on account of the high interest yielded by many of its securities. That there is plenty of margin for a rise in many of the stocks is quite certain, and it is interesting to compare the highest and lowest quotations of 1899 with those ruling on the last day of the Old Year. To take a few representative examples—

1899.				
	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing Price, Dec. 30.	
Argentine 1886 ... ..	96 $\frac{1}{2}$	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	...	92 $\frac{1}{2}$
"B. A." Water ... ..	81 $\frac{5}{8}$	70 $\frac{3}{8}$	...	77
Brazil Fours (1889) ..	68	55 $\frac{1}{2}$	...	57 $\frac{3}{4}$
Chinese Sixes ... ..	109	103 $\frac{3}{4}$	...	106
Egypt Unified ... ..	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	...	102
Greek Monopoly ... ..	51 $\frac{5}{8}$	46	...	47
Italian ... ..	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{3}{4}$	...	93
Jap. Fives ... ..	108 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	...	100
Portuguese Threes ...	27 $\frac{1}{10}$	22 $\frac{1}{4}$	...	23 $\frac{1}{8}$
Turks Group II. ... ..	48 $\frac{1}{2}$	44	...	45 $\frac{1}{2}$

Among the cheapest stocks in the list are Egyptian 4 per cent. Unified and Japanese 5 per cent. Bonds. The former have relapsed, owing to the idea that France may make things unpleasant in Egypt while we are engaged in subduing the Transvaal; but we do not consider that France, with her Exhibition coming on in four months, will do anything so ridiculous. Japanese Bonds—and Chinese too—have been pressed for sale a good deal lately by the "shop," but it is understood that most of the stock was thrown out on behalf of clients who had to sell something in order to meet their differences in other markets. Spanish is being strongly upheld by Paris, and Saturday's closing price of 65 was only 3 points under the highest attained in 1899, but it was 20 $\frac{3}{8}$  per cent. above the lowest.

#### HOME RAILS IN THE NEW YEAR.

The Home Railway Market had such a bad time of it in 1899 that it is to be hoped, for the sake of all who are interested in its specialities, that the New Year will bring some greater happiness than has fallen to its lot of late. With the turn of the year, and the tiding over the dreaded Settlement at the end of December, it is thought that a rise may be daughter to the wish, and people who dabble in Home Rails are talking about a run on the bull tack for a time. We must confess, however, that we see very little in the situation to warrant such a desirable event as an advance in Home Rails. Admitting that the traffics are excellent, there is little else to go for in the situation, and we fear that even the increased receipts will hardly justify an increased dividend on most of the Ordinary stocks. Investors who have bought stock and put it away have nothing to fear; they will get fair interest on their money, and must not complain if, on account of the Transvaal War, they have to put up with a shrinkage in their capital value for a while.

Money does not present much prospect of coming down to a reasonable 4 per cent. level for some time, although the release of dividends in the first two months of 1900 may, to some extent, counteract the effect of a possible fresh issue of Treasury Bills. Consequently, speculation is hardly likely to revive in Home Rails, and investment demand by itself is insufficient to hold up the market against the bear points. The fact must not be overlooked that, in addition to the increase in ordinary working-expenses, some of the companies are also paying half-wages to the men who, lately in their employ, have been called out as Reservists, and their substitutes have also to be paid at the same time. The rise in coal will not affect the lines to any extent in the current half-year, since contracts have not yet run out, but the factor may make itself unpleasantly felt later on. Until the Money Market became so stringent, we were not slow in pointing out the attractiveness of some of the Home Railway stocks, both as investments and speculations; but, as regards the latter, the circumstances of the time compel us to admit that to be a bull of these securities is tempting Fortune rather too far. At the same time, any favourable news from "the front" is likely to exercise a cheerful influence all round the markets, and this might be used by the bulls as an opportunity for getting out of their stock, since its effect would, in all probability, be of a transient character.

#### MISCELLANEOUS MINES.

While all the fuss of falling values has been taking place in Kaffirs and Westralians, some of the Miscellaneous Mining shares have dropped, almost imperceptibly, until they stand at prices which may be worth attention in these days of bargains for the capitalist. As an example of a likely gamble, we may point to the shares of the British America Corporation at their present figure of 14s. 6d. Consistently as our face is set against most of Whitaker Wright's companies, and small as is the faith which we have in British Americas on their merits, it is quite on the cards that a breath of buying in the Westralian Market might take these shares to par. Globes, too, at 17s., should recover, considered from a market point of view. Neither company's shares may be worth even their present prices; but, as a gamble, they are worth picking up by a few at a time.

Indian Mining shares are getting over their late depression, and deserve close watching. Mysore Gold, as we write, stand at  $5\frac{1}{2}$ , at which price the yield to a purchaser is nearly 13 per cent. on the basis of the last dividends. The price fluctuated between 6 and  $4\frac{3}{4}$  during 1899, while in 1897 its highest and lowest were  $5\frac{5}{8}$  and  $4\frac{7}{8}$  respectively. Champion Reefs seem high at  $5\frac{3}{8}$ , but it must be remembered that they carry a 5s. dividend.

Those who are not afraid of high values should turn their attention to Ashanti Corporation fully-paid shares at 12. It is said that a big move is to be made in them shortly, and we hear that the directors are more sanguine than ever of the success which they anticipate for their company in the future.

St. John del Rey shares are a good instance of what might be called a mining investment. The price in 1899 was so steady that it fluctuated only 5s. all the year, and is now 27s. 6d., almost the lowest it has touched since 1897. Dividends are paid with regularity, and the return is now about 9 per cent. on the money.

The Mount Lyell group received a sharp blow at the time of the Kaffir crash, and prices seem in no particular hurry to recover. With the Copper Market in its present artificial condition, no permanent advance can be anticipated at present.

Saturday, Dec. 30, 1899.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. F. G. C. (Ceylon).—We wrote to you on Dec. 29.

A. W. H. B.—The information you require has been sent to you.

GREENOCK.—By all means sell the Consols and reinvest in Railway Debentures. What you say about a corresponding drop in all first-class securities is quite true. Sell Consols and deposit the money with some first-rate bank while you are looking for a new investment. You can get 4 per cent. at fourteen days' notice. Probably in a month or two prices will be even lower than they are to-day. London County Council 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. stock or Midland Railway 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Debentures at 87 are quite safe.

CRITIC.—Cut your loss. It will be cheaper in the end than joining the reconstruction.

A. H. B.—We really do not know what to advise. It is a pure gamble on the war, and you can judge as well as we can of the prospects.

PAT.—See our Notes. If you buy Africans at present prices to hold till the war is over, we think you are very foolish. They may be right enough to gamble in, but for investment they are mad when the risks are considered.

Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., who to his many accomplishments adds a knowledge of gardening and horticulture, rejects the popular notion that the mistletoe grows upon the oak. Sir Herbert says he has spent much time both in England and France, where oaks and mistletoe are exceedingly abundant—in Surrey and the Orléannois, for example—and, though he has sought carefully from boyhood and made strict inquiry, he has never seen, nor met anybody who had seen, the union of the two plants. The lime-tree and Robinia (or false acacia) are favourites, he states, with the parasite. Sir Herbert has in his orchard in Wigtownshire plants of mistletoe of his own sowing more than a yard in diameter on apple-trees. Though familiar with the classical citations, Sir Herbert Maxwell is unaware of a single well-authenticated instance of mistletoe growing on the oak.